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MARY-JANE.

A NOVEL.

LANE, MINERVA-PRESS, LEADENHALL-STREET.

MARY-JANE.

A NOVEL.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

BY

RICHARD SICKELMORE,

AUTHOR OF

EDGAR, OR THE PHANTOM OF THE CASTLE,

AGNES AND LEONORA, &c. &c.

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TO

SIR GODFREY WEBSTER, BART.

THE FOLLOWING PAGES

ARE HUMBLY INSCRIBED,

BY HIS GRATEFUL,

OBLIGED, AND

DEVOTED HUMBLE SERVANT,

RICHARD SICKELMORE.

MARY-JANE.

CHAP. I.

A Diſpute.

"I TELL you, Henry, I am not to be diſſuaded; therefore more words on the ſubject would be uſeleſs."

"Nay, but hear me, and——"

"I will not hear a word you have to ſay. Is the father to be ruled by the ſon, or the ſon by the father?—When your mother was living I was obliged to ſubmit; but it is my turn to govern now, and I will not eaſily reſign my prerogative."

" But ſurely, Sir, a few weeks——"

" Do not talk to me of your few weeks. Am I to be poked up within the ſmoke of this confounded city, until I become as dry and as ruſty as a red herring, becauſe you feel yourſelf averſe to accompanying me to ſome one of the watering places, where I ſhall ſpend the ſummer cheerfully, enjoy the benefit of a clear atmoſphere, and inhale health ſufficient to enable me to bruſh through the enſuing winter with double my uſual portion of vigour and ſpirits."

" But, Sir, I have particular buſineſs that will make it very unpleaſant to me, for at leaſt theſe three weeks, to quit London."

" You have particular buſineſs—you be ——! Pray, Sir, what buſineſs have you upon your hands, that I am unacquainted with?"

" Such as you would not diſapprove;—but I have pledged my word not to mention it."

" Then mark me, Sirrah, be you ready to-morrow morning, at an early hour, to ſet off with me for Margate; or, rot me, ſo

ſo long as you have any thing to part with, you ſhall exiſt upon pledges, or adopt ſome other method of raiſing ſupplies to keep you from ſtarving, that may better ſuit your inclination; for, you dog, I will diſinherit you, and leave all I am worth to Mary-Jane."

Mary-Jane at the inſtant entered the room.

"Well, Mary-Jane, you, I truſt, have no objection to a journey to Margate?"

"If it is your pleaſure," replied Mary-Jane, "certainly not."

"That's a good girl; but as for this ungrateful ſon of mine——. But why do I mention him?—I will be at Margate to-morrow in ſpite of the devil, and at his peril be he not there likewiſe."

"Believe me," rejoined Henry, "rather than irritate you——"

"I am not irritated, monkey, or, as you would inſinuate, in a paſſion;—but don't preſume to contradict me again, or, by the Lord, I'll break your head!"

"My dear Sir, rather than ſo ſeriouſly incur you diſpleaſure, I would attend you to Margate; and, if you willed it ſo, immediately."

"You would—but I'll not go immediately. So ſo, you have only been playing upon me all this time. The buſineſs, which I am to be kept ignorant of, is to be executed at Margate, or I am no phyſiognomiſt. I ſee through all this, but it will not do—you have loſt your aim;—your ſeeming reluctance to accompany me, proceeded only with the view of keeping me in the dark; but I'll turn the tables upon you, and, in lieu of Margate, ſet off to-morrow for Brighton; and, if you dare to utter a ſingle objection, I'll ſet forward directly, and puniſh you by depriving you of your reſt, and travel all night."

Henry's anſwer, if he were inclined to return any, was prevented by the ſervant's entering the room, and announcing a Mr. Northcote. The enraged Mr. Radmill, modulating

modulating his voice, ordered him to conduct the gentleman to him immediately. Mr. Northcote, however, ſaved him the trouble, for before he had time to withdraw, he entered the parlour. The uſual ſalutations being over, Mr. Northcote ſeated himſelf by the fire, and a ſpace of nearly twenty minutes elapſed ere another word was exchanged on either ſide; at laſt Mr. Radmill, who had not quite regained that tranquillity his ſon had diſturbed, thus addreſſed his viſiter—

"Now do you know, Mr. Northcote, if I was not well acquainted with you, and aſſured of the contrary, I ſhould pronounce you one of the moſt ill-bred men in the world."

Mr. Northcote, taking his eyes from the top of a bright braſs-headed poker, on which they had for ſome time been intently fixed, himſelf in "cogibundity of cogitation," and without replying, gazed earneſtly

at Mr. Radmill; it was ſuch a look, however, in which the other could not be miſtaken; it ſpoke, as plain as a look could ſpeak, "This ſtricture upon my behaviour is by no means pleaſing, and I expect an apology for the raſh words you have had the temerity to utter."

Mr. Radmill, conſcious of his error, replied—

"Nay, now don't be angry—you know I have ſuch a reſpect even for your peculiarities, that I would not offend you for the world."

The look of ſeverity which lowered in the eyes of his offended auditor, immediately vaniſhed, and he again ſilently fixed them upon the extremity of the braſs-headed poker.

All remained mute for nearly ten minutes longer; a ten minutes painful in the extreme

to

to Mr. Radmill, who was at all times garrulouſly inclined, when a ſecond time he ventured to direct a few words to Mr. Northcote.

" Why, my good friend, you appear unuſually penſive this evening—what has occurred to perplex you ?—Come, come cheer up, I cannot bear this taciturnity—it rather heightens than diminiſhes trouble ;—it produces reflection, and when the mind is but ill at eaſe, that is a diſagreeable companion we ſhould embrace the firſt opportunity of ſhaking off.—Don't you think I am right ?"

Mr. Northcote, without altering his poſition, emphatically pronounced the freezing monoſyllable, " No !"

" The devil you don't !" returned the other ; " then your feelings on theſe occaſions are ſtrangely the reverſe of mine. Did you ever find reflection at thoſe times produce happineſs ?"

Again the monoſyllable "No!" met his ear.

"Why, then not to be happy is to be unhappy—why then perſiſt in that which muſt render you unpleaſant to yourſelf?"

"Interrogatories," he replied, "by no means ſuit my diſpoſition, therefore I never anſwer them."

"Pſhaw!" returned Mr. Radmill, rather acrimoniouſly, "ſurely you will acknowledge that to ſet moping in a chimney's corner, and keeping others from enjoying the benefit of cheerful and enlivening converſation, leſt it ſhould prove unwelcome to yourſelf, however you may feel, can by no means be deſirable to them."

Mr. Northcote immediately aroſe, and with much auſterity replied—

"Take away the cauſe, and the effect will ceaſe;" and in deſpite of all the apologies or remonſtrances of Mr. Radmill, or even without

without waiting for the ſervant to ſhew him to the door, he departed.

Mr. Radmill, a little chagrined at the incident, replaced himſelf in the chair, exclaiming—

" Every thing poſitively conſpires to vex me;—were it any other man than Northcote who had treated me after this faſhion, rot me if he ſhould ever darken my doors again!"

" Why, Sir," obſerved Henry, who had with Mary-Jane been a ſilent witneſs to all that had paſſed, " I am ſurpriſed, knowing you to be ſo well acquainted with Mr. Northcote and his oddities, and at the ſame time profeſſing ſo much reſpect for him, that you ſhould hazard his diſpleaſure by complaining of his peculiarities."

" Puppy!" reiterated Radmill, " am I to be accountable to you for my conduct?"

" By no means," returned Henry, " I only meant to inſinuate——"

"Rot your insinuations!" rejoined his angry father, "I wonder, Sir, that you, who have professed so much respect for me, should risk my displeasure by your impertinent insinuations.—But, however, be you ready early on the morrow to accompany me to Brighton; and d'ye hear, Mary-Jane, do you rise betimes in the morning, that we may be able to get our breakfasts before we begin our journey."

CHAP.

CHAP. II.

The Beadle.

BEFORE we proceed with Mr. Radmill and his family to Brighton, which actually took place, as he himſelf had determined, on the following morning, the reader probably may wiſh to be better acquainted with him, and the eccentric Mr. Northcote; we will therefore take a retroſpective view into ſome particulars he at preſent muſt be entirely unacquainted with; and then, ſhould he have the inclination to make the journey, we will ſet off poſt haſte for Brighton likewiſe.

Mr. Radmill's father, for a number of years, followed the avocation of dry-ſalter, in that firſt of mercantile cities, the metropolis of England, and at his death the preſent Mr. Radmill, being an only ſon, the whole of the buſineſs devolved to him, together with ſome pretty round ſums in the funds; he, however, not deeming it prudent to quit a trade which hourly increaſed his capital, and ſoon after marrying a woman with little or no fortune, and, in all human probability, a numerous progeny might follow, which, at a future period, muſt be provided for, he, for nearly the laſt thirty years of his life, was as ſedulous in preſerving what he termed crumbs of comfort fo old age, as if his only dependance had been therein.

Henry Radmill, however, was the ſole fruit of this union, who was at this period about five-and-twenty years of age, of a fine perſon and eaſy deportment, and had received a liberal education at the Univerſity of Cambridge;

bridge; for Radmill, on the death of his wife, which happened when Henry was only three years old, reſolved, particularly as it was his intention never to marry again, that his ſon ſhould inherit his immenſe wealth, unencumbered with buſineſs; therefore he ſpared no pains or expence that might enable him with propriety to ſupport the character of a gentleman.

Radmill, notwithſtanding every proſpect of having a family hereafter to provide for had vaniſhed, did not muſter reſolution ſufficient to retire from buſineſs, until his ſon Henry had reached his twenty-fourth year, when he determined that the crumbs of comfort, which had for ſo many years been accumulating, ſhould introduce them into the circles of the *beau monde*. Their cuſtoms, manners, and ways of killing time he as yet was entirely unacquainted with; and finding the hours lag heavy without employment, he much wiſhed to procure an equivalent to occupy his attention, that time might

might as glibly roll away as it had done formerly.

To begin his career at ſome one of the watering places, appeared to him the moſt eligible plan he could purſue to forward his purpoſe, as he conceived it more eaſy to form a connection with the faſhionable part of the creation that reſorted thither but for a few months, and who of courſe were more in want of ſociety and amuſement than in London.

Radmill was a man that conceived inceſſantly talking, and ſpeaking his mind freely upon every ſubject, and even giving his opinion and advice upon things which he really knew nothing about, was the ſureſt method to be diſtinguiſhed as a man of talents and profound erudition, of which he was not a little ambitious; though, to his great diſappointment, he frequently found the ſyſtem he adopted failed in the deſired effect, and more often procured him inſult and

and contempt, than the exhilarating plaudits of ſincere approval.

He was irritable in the extreme, and would, from the moſt trivial cauſes, ſpeak a thouſand unpleaſant things a thouſand times in a day; and would, within the ſame time, be as often in a good-humour, forgetting what had occurred to enrage him, until the next guſt of paſſion would bring it freſh upon his memory.

To any perſon in the world, Northcote excepted, he would never yield in diſpute, even though his adverſary had ſucceeded in evincing to him that what he defended was ſophiſtical and erroneous; for to be foiled in an argument, he conceived, was a diſgrace to be remembered by all who witneſſed it—a mortal wound to that capacity and ſound judgment, of which he was ever anxious to be thought in poſſeſſion of.

Though

Though with all theſe foibles, or, if the reader pleaſes, faults, he was at bottom not a bad-hearted man: he was humane and benevolent; a piteous ſtory from an object in diſtreſs, was ſure to find the road to his heart, and guide his hand to his purſe-ſtring.

To prove this, we need but to enumerate one inſtance:—a poor woman, haraſſed by the unfeeling rigidneſs of a Beadle, who was more inhuman and ſevere toward her than was conſiſtent with the functions of his office, one morning attracted Radmill's attention.

"Indeed, indeed 'tis very hard!" exclaimed the poor unfortunate wretch.

"But not ſo hard as the but-end of my cudgel," vociferated the Beadle; "therefore tramp, and take your brats off with you."

"Do not hurry me," ſhe tremulouſly ejaculated, "and I will ſtrive to obey you;" then taking a child under each arm, and tottering with the burden, was walking diſconſolately

conſolately away, when the ſurly brute urged her to quicken her pace. Overcome with terror and fatigue, ſhe dropped on the cold earth, and, with eyes ſwimming in tears, begged of him, for the love of God, not to treat her with ſo much injuſtice and cruelty.

"Come, come," he vehemently replied, "no tricks upon travellers;—inſtantly quit this place, or to jail you go." Seizing her rudely by the arm as he ſpoke, and endeavouring to raiſe her upon her feet; when the terrified children, clinging faſt round their mother, prevented him; one of them, a chubby boy, ventured to raiſe his eyes to the object of his terror, and blubbered, as the big round drops of early miſery trickled down his cheeks—

"Pray don't hurt mammy—mammy very ill—ſhe no hurt you;—daddy die, or you no dare uſe mammy ſo."

"You chattering imp!" retorted the Beadle, "you have learned your leſſon betimes.—But come, 'tis in vain to refuſe—hie off, or to priſon you go."

With

With great difficulty ſhe obeyed this dogmatical command; for having again replaced her children one under each arm, her weary limbs could hardly ſupport the burden.

"And mark me," thundered out the Beadle, "let me never ſee your face again, as the next time you pop your phiz athwart me, I may not be in the humour to ſhew you ſo much indulgence."

A ſtrange voice, in the words of our immortal bard, pronounced—

"There thou mayſt behold
"The great image of authority: a dog's obey'd
"In office."

The Beadle, turning himſelf to diſcover from whence the ſounds proceeded, ſaw Radmill and his ſon Henry at his elbow.

"A dog in office!" ſaid the Beadle.

"Aye, and a moſt inhuman dog," furiouſly exclaimed Radmill, "that abuſes the power

power that is veſted in him, and oppreſſes thoſe whom diſtreſs has already humbled in the duſt."

"I only do my duty," obſerved the Beadle.

"'Tis falſe!" retorted Radmill, more furious; "you were acting the part of a ſcoundrel, in laſhing, with the iron rod of power, an unfortunate victim, when the mild perſuaſive voice of pity and condolence would have better anſwered your purpoſe.—Rot me," he continued, as he haſtened after the poor ſuffering wretch and her infants, "I would not poſſeſs a heart ſo totally devoid of feeling as that miſcreant's, to be appointed Emperor of the world!"—He ſoon overtook her.—"Here, Henry," ſaid he, "do you carry the boy—and now, good woman, give me the girl; and rot me but I'll conduct you to a place that, in future, ſhall make you aſhamed to be ſeen crawling about the ſtreets, with your children, in this abſurd way."

The

The poor woman was at firſt frightened; but a ſmile from Henry inſpired her with courage, as ſhe, without replying, for her heart was too full, complied with Radmill's requeſt, and proceeded dejectedly after them.

Suffice it for the preſent to obſerve that Radmill provided them with the neceſſaries of life: to the pallid cheek of penury, and the eye dimmed by the encroachment of misfortune, he once more gave the ruddy tint of health, and brightened into a ſmile of ineffable joy and contentment. He literally kept his word; he conducted them to a place that ſo truly altered their ſituation, that, to uſe his own words, they would have been aſhamed to be again ſeen crawling about the ſtreets in that abſurd manner, which firſt introduced them to his acquaintance.

Radmill, though at times an impartial obſerver would have conceived the reverſe, was

was paſſionately fond of his ſon ; and Henry, with all theſe faults, in his father ſaw his beſt friend and benefactor : and though he now and then ſtimulated the old gentleman to utter a few raſh words, he always yielded at laſt, and of courſe was always forgiven.

Such a man was Radmill ;—reader, deſpiſe him if you can.

CHAP.

CHAP. III.

The diſcontented Man.

MR. NORTHCOTE was about ſixty of age, ten years older than Radmill, with years whom he had been acquainted almoſt from his infancy; and who, until within the laſt ſeven years, had made it a rule, once in the courſe of a twelvemonth, to ſpend a few weeks with him at an old Gothic building of his, ſituated on the border of Wales, to which he had given the name of Rook-dale. Thoſe viſits moſt likely would have been continued until this time, but for a report that had been circulated by ſome malicious people, that Rook-dale Abbey, for ſo

was

was the building uſually denominated, was haunted; this, together with ſome ſtrange noiſes he had heard when he laſt ſojourned there, for he implicitly believed in ſupernatural appearances, ſo much alarmed him, that he reſolved at that time, when once he got fairly away from it, the devil himſelf ſhould not tempt him to enter it again; which reſolution he had to this time moſt religiouſly kept.

Though there never was a greater diſſimilarity of temper than between Northcote and Radmill, yet did they eſteem each other: the one imbibed the poiſon of every trivial unpleaſant occurrence, making life almoſt a burthen; while the other expreſſed his reſentment, in good round terms, againſt every thing he diſliked, and the next moment forgetting ſuch inconveniences had ever exiſted.

Rook-dale, together with ſome valuable poſſeſſions, Northcote inherited by hereditary right;

right; and though he could not enjoy thoſe bleſſings Providence had beſtowed on him (for he has been heard to affirm that he never paſſed one day free from ſome diſagreeable event that did not contribute to ſour his temper, and make him wretched in the extreme), he was generous, and withheld not from others thoſe benefits which animate the ſombre features of Woe with a ſmile.

In this laſt particular he reſembled Radmill, which many believed was the cementer of a friendſhip of ſo many years ſtanding; though they hardly ever met but they parted thoroughly diſſatisfied with each other, yet would they meet again and again to part enemies, and parted enemies but to meet again as friends.

Northcote made it a rule to reſide three months in the year at Rook-dale—the other nine he dedicated to travelling over different parts of the kingdom, in queſt of what he termed a day's happineſs; which, for the

ſpace

ſpace of thirty years that he had been ſeeking to obtain, he never yet could accompliſh, but returned to Rook-dale at his wonted time, if not more taciturn (for that was next to an impoſſibility, as he hardly ever uttered a ſyllable except when abſolutely forced from him, or to make ſome rude obſervation which he knew would offend his auditors), at leaſt with an increaſed portion of gloomy diſcontent and deſpondency than he departed.

Northcote, when about the age of twenty-four, married an amiable girl of good fortune, a daughter of Sir Andrew Crawley, a rich Baronet, and almoſt univerſally reſpected. Death, however, ſoon deprived Northcote of his invaluable partner; and a beautiful female infant, about two months old, on the very day his wife died, together with her nurſe, diſappeared in a moſt extraordinary manner from Rook-dale: to theſe incidents many aſcribed that melancholy taciturnity and extreme peeviſhneſs which

marked the laſt thirty years of his life. But Northcote, ere he entered the connubial ſtate, had obtained the appellation of the Diſcontented Man; and it was generally wiſhed and imagined that his wife, whom he dearly loved, would have wrought an alteration in his temper; and this probably might have happened, had not death unfortunately ſeparated them.

The laſt time he had ever ſeen his child, was in quitting the apartment in which his wife had juſt breathed her laſt; he ſaw her in the nurſe's arms, who at that moment paſſed him, and deſcended the ſtairs, and no one ever remembered ſeeing them afterwards.

The conſternation and diſtreſs that for ſome time prevailed at Rook-dale, are more eaſily conceived than deſcribed; and, notwithſtanding every poſſible ſearch and enquiry, no intelligence of the nurſe or child could ever be obtained.

Time,

Time, however, alleviated the ſufferings of Northcote, though it could not entirely efface them from his mind; and that chilling gravity and reſerve natural to him, were heightened, no doubt, by theſe occurrences.

Mrs. Mowbray, a diſtant relative of Northcote's, and for whom he had the higheſt reſpect, ſince the death of his wife had reſided at Rook-dale Abbey, and to whom, on his different expeditions in ſearch of happineſs, he never failed to tranſmit letters, informing her of every thing worthy of remark that occurred beneath his notice; to evince to her, notwithſtanding he had been ſo many years in queſt of it, happineſs on earth was not to be found, though numbers laughed when it would have committed leſs violence on their feelings to have cried, and were often loudly exclaiming againſt the fickleneſs of Fortune, when they had every oſtenſible reaſon to conclude almoſt all human beings were at leaſt as wretched as themſelves.

One poſitive injunction, however, he laid on Mrs. Mowbray, which was never to anſwer his letters, as from that moment he would never write to her again.

" For," ſaid he, " if you have any pleaſant occurrences to communicate, I may not have the appetite to enjoy them; and, ſhould it be any thing the reverſe, it will only augment my cup of miſery, which now nearly runs over."

Strange as it may appear that a man of Northcote's temper and diſpoſition could be rational enough to dedicate a few hours, and thoſe too frequently, in writing and tranſmitting his remarks to a friend, yet was it no more ſtrange than true: and when he was with Mrs. Mowbray, ſo great was his eſteem for her, that he would open his mind in converſation to her for the three months he continued at Rook-dale, more than to all the world beſides, even were all the world

world to have urged him in the ſubſequent nine.

Such, reader, was Mr. Northcote.—But with all his eccentricities he poſſeſſed a truly benevolent heart; which, in theſe times, is a jewel rarely to be met with.—What a pity thoſe whom Providence has bleſſed with it, ſhould be unhappy!

CHAP. IV.

The Death of a poor Soldier.

MARY-JANE, of whom we have as yet ſaid but little, was in no ſhape related to Radmill, but introduced into his family with her parents, in a moſt ſingular manner, and were as ſingularly received; for, though poor, ſick, and in want, they were as cordially welcomed as had the wealth of nations been at their diſpoſal.—The tender heart of Radmill bled with pity, and a deſire to ſerve them, as he witneſſed their diſtreſs; and though ſtrangers to him, when Mary-Jane's parents expired, he vowed never to forſake the friendleſs orphan.

It

It was on one tempeſtuous evening, toward the latter end of January, as Radmill, after having ſpent ſome cheerful hours with a few ſelect friends at the London Tavern, was returning to his dwelling in a hackney-coach, the hoarſe voice of the watchman had already bawled paſt ten o'clock, when a violent ſcream from ſome poor creature in diſtreſs occaſioned him to order the driver to ſtop his horſes, who, though very reluctantly, obeyed him. He liſtened for ſome time, but all continued ſilent, except the loud rattling of a heavy ſhower of hail and rain, which at that moment was rapidly deſcending, and the hollow murmuring of the wind, which echoed diſmally through the adjoining ſtreets.

He was about to order the driver to proceed to his reſidence, when again a ſcream, ſimilar to the one he had at firſt heard, induced him to alter his intention, and requeſt him to drive, as nearly as he could, to the place from whence the voice came;—this the

man at firſt refuſed, but on Radmill's promiſing to pay him handſomely for ſo long detaining him, and on ſuch a night, he complied.

They had not advanced many yards when Radmill, who had let down the glaſs, and in deſpite of the rain and hail, which the wind blew violently into his face, kept his head without the coach, and anxiouſly waited for a repetition of thoſe ſounds which might conduct him to the relief of miſery.

He had not been long in this attitude ere he heard the following words, in a female voice, tremulouſly pronounced—

" Almighty Father ! he's dead—and what will become of my poor infant ?"

Radmill loudly called to the coachman to ſtop, in an inſtant was out of the carriage, and, as a watchman paſſed, craved the aſſiſtance

ance of his light, which was immediately granted.

He ſoon diſcovered on the pavement, but a ſhort diſtance from him, ſtretched at full length, apparently lifeleſs, a perſon in a military uniform; on one ſide of him ſat a female ſupporting his head with her arm, while in the other ſhe held a beautiful child, which ſhe vainly endeavoured to ſcreen from the inclemency of the weather.

The watchman, not in the mildeſt terms he could have uttered, began not to enquire if it was in his power to render them any ſervice, but to reprimand them for preſuming to walk the ſtreets when all honeſt people, women in particular, ought to be within their own dwellings; and had not Radmill, with a loud rebuke for his inhumanity, put an end to his loquacity, the poor wretches, for ſome minutes longer at leaſt, muſt have endured the pitileſs pelting of the hail and rain

"Is it in my power," tenderly urged Radmill, "to be of the leaſt aſſiſtance in extricating you from your preſent unhappy ſituation?—Believe me, I have the will; and if your diſtreſs has proceeded from pecuniary embarraſſments, thank Heaven, I am bleſſed with the means to ſerve you."

The poor woman, raiſing her head, and looking him full in the face, which the dim light of the lantern juſt made viſible to her, replied—

"Alas! kind Sir, my huſband, I fear, is dead—be your charitable endeavours beſtowed upon him."—Then raiſing her eyes, ſhe exclaimed—"And in mercy, Oh thou all-wiſe Diſpoſer of all things, once more reſtore him to my arms, or in death let us not be ſeparated!"

"Come, come," rejoined Radmill, much affected, "be of good heart, and what poſſibly can be done to preſerve your huſband, ſhall be done."

"Heaven,"

"Heaven," ſhe replied, "and all good angels, reward you!—Oh ſave him, ſave him—and with my lateſt breath I'll thank you.—My poor ſuffering infant—the firſt words ſhe is taught to liſp, ſhall be a benediction on the ſaviour of her father."

Radmill, with the aſſiſtance of the watchman, raiſed her huſband from the humid earth, and, without perceiving any ſigns of life in him, ſeated him in the beſt manner they could in the hackney-coach, then haſtened back for the woman and her child, and ſoon placed them by his ſide.

"Now," tenderly enquired Radmill, as he aſcended the carriage himſelf, "to what part of the town ſhall I order the coachman to drive?—I hope your dwelling is at no great diſtance, for the poor gentleman's ſake."

"Alas!" anſwered the female, as a copious ſtream of tears guſhed from her eyes, "we have no home—no friends—nor any

thing to wiſh to live for beyond ourſelves; and could we die together, I ſhould be ſatisfied."

Radmill waited to hear no more—the coach ſoon after ſtopped at his own door; but too late was the reviving hand of friendſhip applied to the poor ſoldier—death had terminated his ſufferings, and releaſed him from a renewal of miſery!

His wife no ſooner became acquainted with the melancholy truth, which buried hope, and releaſed her from the horrors of ſuſpenſe by plunging her into the moſt dreadful certainty, than uttering a piercing ſhriek, her child fell from her enfeebled graſp, which Radmill timely ſaved ere it had reached the ground, her faculties were ſuſpended, and ſhe dropped inanimate at his feet.

Radmill, though dripping wet from the late tempeſt, left her to the care of his houſehold, and ran himſelf to procure a ſurgeon;

ſurgeon; and not long had he departed ere he returned with the object he ſought, when by his order the poor wretch, who began to diſcover ſymptoms of returning life, was conveyed to the beſt bed his hoſpitable roof afforded.

It was then, knowing he could be of no further ſervice, he ventured to change his apparel, which he had ſcarcely accompliſhed, when the ſurgeon tapped gently at his door, and was deſired to enter.—Radmill began to enquire after the health of his patient.

"She is bad enough—bad enough!" replied the ſurgeon, ſhaking his head.

"D'ye think ſhe'll be quite recovered by to-morrow morning?"

"If you mean by recovered, out of pain, ſhe will be much better ere the ſun darts his rays into her apartment."

"Pſhaw! I applied to you to preſerve life—ſhe could but have died without your interference."

"I

" I am ſorry my interference will prove of ſo little ſervice."

" But you may be miſtaken in your opinion."

" So may thoſe who have opinions the reverſe."

" I hope not; however we will do the beſt we can with her, for the child's ſake."

" The child may do;—but as for the mother, ſhe, poor wretch! will ſoon be with her huſband; for I am afraid it will prove beyond my art to reſtore her—her diſorder proceeds——"

" A fiddleſtick for her diſorder!—cure her firſt, and talk of her diſorder afterwards."

" She but juſt now expreſſed a deſire to ſpeak with you; and left a relapſe, which I much apprehend, ſhould carry her off ere you had notice of her requeſt, I hurried myſelf to inform you of it."

" A relapſe—ſhe will have no ſuch thing; if ſhe is ſo much recovered, and that too in ſo ſhort a time, as to be able to ſpeak, I am ſure

ſure there is very little doubt of her doing well."

"If to die ſhortly be to do well, I know no perſon that is likely to do better."

"Rot me but you are the moſt obſtinate man I ever——but I tell you that you will be deceived.—She'll be well enough in the morning to breakfaſt with me in the little parlour; and ſome of the beſt cream, aye, and the beſt of every thing that can be got, ſhall be ready for her;—and I'll nurſe her child, and Henry ſhall wait upon her; and if we can but prevent her thinking of the poor ſoul that died in the ſtreet, ſhe ſhall be happy, and I'll be happy, and Henry ſhall be happy, and we'll be all happy, in deſpite of your predictions, or all the apothecaries, ſurgeons, or phyſicians in the three kingdoms."

Saying theſe words, he left the room, and, as a tear fell from his eye, entered that of the poor invalid's.

CHAP.

CHAP. V.

The Orphan.

NO ſooner had Radmill entered the chamber, than ſoftly taking a chair, he ſeated himſelf by the bed-ſide, when the object of his ſolicitude fixed her languid eyes upon him, and burſt into tears. Radmill was too much overpowered by the ſtrength of his own feelings immediately to offer her any conſolation; he, however, at laſt taking her hand, which ſhe had, on firſt deſcrying him, made an effort to extend towards him, ejaculated—

" Come

" Come, come, cheerly, cheerly, all will ſoon be well again—we, ailing mortals as we are, are all ſubject to misfortunes, and God only knows whoſe turn it will be next; but reaſon and fortitude often make all right again.—Your ſweet little girl is quite refreſhed, and wants only you to make her cheerful and contented."

" Oh my child!" ſhe feebly exclaimed, " when I am gone, who will protect my child?"

" That will I," fervidly exclaimed Radmill, " I will cheriſh her as my own; and you ſhall live to ſee how fondly we will paſs our time together."

" May every bleſſing," ſhe rejoined, "Providence can beſtow, reward the orphan's friend!—But for me—Oh!—bowed down by ſufferings—here will my ſorrows terminate!"

" Moſt aſſuredly," interrupted Radmill, " here will all your ſorrows terminate; for when once we can diſmiſs the doctor, and have

have you ſafely reſtored to your infant, all will be happineſs again."

"I feel it muſt not be," ſhe replied; "the hand of Death already points my paſſage to eternity;—yet—ere I die—I would inform you who I am—for which purpoſe I wiſhed——But my decreaſing ſtrength will not permit me to fulfil the taſk.—Soon, ſoon ſhall I meet my huſband in the realms of bliſs—never, never to part again!—My poor infant only—do not forſake her—Oh!—when I am no more, caſt her not forth to encounter the frowns of thoſe whoſe breaſts harbour no pity for the friendleſs orphan—promiſe—promiſe me this—and—I ſhall die happy!"

"Moſt readily; and when I forget my promiſe, may God forget me!"

"Bleſs—bleſs you!" ſhe replied, though her words were ſcarcely audible; "take this picture," looſening a miniature which hung ſuſpended from her neck, and which, when undreſſed and conveyed to bed, ſhe would not ſuffer to be removed; "take this picture—

at

at ſome future period it may lead——Oh! do not part with it—but—but preſerve it for my child.—It may lead to——Oh!—bleſs—bleſs—you!—bleſs my—my child!—and—Oh!—my huſband—dear object of—Oh!—I come—I come—Oh!—mercy——"

The words died away ere ſhe could give them utterance, and again Radmill beheld her as in the arms of Death. The warm tide of life, however, once more animated her debilitated frame, but it was of ſhort duration; and as the ſurgeon had predicted, ere the ſun darted his beams into her apartment, ſhe was no more!

In ſpeechleſs agony Radmill quitted the chamber, and proceeded to his own; but in vain did he court the leaden God to cloſe in ſleep his eyelids; the ſad incidents of the night dwelt upon his mind, and baniſhed repoſe; turn which way he would in the bed, be he quiet, or as reſtleſs as he choſe, ſtill it was all the ſame—the big drops of

ſympathy

ſympathy and regret kept trickling down his face, rendering humid and unpleaſant the pillow that ſupported his head.

" But," he exclaimed, as he left his room in the morning, ſtill reflecting upon the melancholy occurrences of the night, " thank God! the child is ſafe; and ſhe ſhall never want ſuccour ſo long as I poſſeſs the means of beſtowing it."

Soon after the ſurgeon made him a viſit, and the foregone circumſtances, in ſad ſucceſſion, were recapitulated.

" Were you acquainted with this poor unfortunate couple," interrogated the ſurgeon, " that their death ſhould occaſion you ſo much ſorrow?"

" I have been acquainted with part of their ſufferings, and grieve that I could not remove them.—The ſituation in which I found them was enough to have made any man, who had a ſpark of humanity, exert himſelf

himſelf in their behalf; in me it did more—it kindled the ſpark of humanity which glowed in my boſom, into the blaze of friendſhip, which might have remained unextinguiſhed, had they ſurvived, when their troubles had been forgotten; and the diſappointment I have experienced ſits heavy at my heart."

"This," ſaid the ſurgeon, preſenting a letter to Radmill, "was found in the ſoldier's pocket, though from what it contains I could learn but little, only that he had been a Lieutenant in the army; but his real name is concealed, conſequently your attempts to diſcover his family, to apprize them of his death, I am afraid will be fruitleſs."

Radmill eagerly took the ſcroll from the ſurgeon's hand, unfolded it, and read as follows:—

'DEAR

" DEAR EDWARD,

" Ere you receive this, I ſhall be on my paſſage to the Eaſt Indies; of my motive for this voyage I believe I informed you in a former letter.—I was extremely ſurpriſed when I heard you had ſold your commiſſion, and likewiſe that you ſhould requeſt of me to direct any epiſtles friendſhip might prompt me to tranſmit to you, under the fictitious name of Romley;—however, no doubt you had wiſe reaſons for ſo doing, and if they do but render you more happy, I ſhall rejoice in the alteration; though I cannot help thinking that had you kept your commiſſion, knowing the reſpect the Colonel has for you, you would ſoon have been promoted to a more exalted and lucrative ſituation in the army.—Give my beſt and moſt ſincere reſpects to your amiable wife.—Weeks, months, and probably years may paſs ere I ſee either of you again; but, believe me, I ſhall cheriſh the remembrance of both, and anticipate, from abſence, the pleaſure I ſhall enjoy when we

we meet again.—Adieu, my good and worthy friend, adieu!

" Your's truly,

" J. STAMPFORD.

" P. S. As ſoon as I arrive at Madras, you may expect to hear from me again."

" Poor fellow!" exclaimed Radmill, as he folded up the letter, and put it into his pocket; " how it will ſhock him when he learns the deplorable fate of his friend!"

" I wiſh," replied the ſurgeon, " I knew this Stampford, as through the medium of his family, who, I dare ſay, are in England, poſſibly we might obtain the real name of the deceaſed Lieutenant."

" I wiſh ſo too," uttered Radmill, " though, upon ſecond thoughts, I know of no good likely to proceed from it."

" It is requiſite, however, his friends and relations ſhould be apprized of his death."

" His

" His poor wife told me they had no friends; therefore I ſhould imagine by his demiſe his family becomes extinct."

" I ſhould imagine to the contrary; for though they had no friends, they may have relatives;—for I am ſorry to obſerve that, in theſe degenerate times, friends and relatives are not always ſynonymous terms."

" Mere cant!—I don't believe a word of it.—A fig for the times!—a good man is as much reſpected in theſe times, as a good man was five hundred years ago; and what's more, there are as many to be found, if people would give themſelves the trouble to ſearch for them.—But how fares the little girl this morning?"

" Well as heart can wiſh;—her little cheeks dimpled with a ſmile, as I but juſt now took her in my arms."

" Poor little wretch! ſhe is ignorant of the loſs ſhe has ſuſtained, and ever ſhall ſhe remain unconſcious of it; for I will be to her what her father might have proved, had Heaven

Heaven ſpared his life—a protector and a friend."

They ſoon after ſeparated, and two days after the laſt ſad rites were adminiſtered to the unfortunate pair; and their offspring, from the name of Mary-Jane being diſcovered, worked in hair, round the miniature that Radmill had received from the mother ere ſhe expired, was called after that name.

Nineteen years from that period to the preſent elapſed, and the name of Mary-Jane's parents Radmill never could obtain, or what had driven them into ſuch a complication of diſtreſs and miſery. In all his enquiries reſpecting them, the words of Mary-Jane's mother recurred to his memory—"We have no home, no friends, nor any thing beyond ourſelves to wiſh to live for;"—for no one could tell any thing about them, and all wondered how Radmill could adopt the child of people whom nobody knew.

Radmill was as fond of Mary-Jane as had ſhe really been his own daughter, and ſecretly rejoiced that no one event appeared to diſpute his claim, and take her from him.

Mary-Jane, at this epoch, though not what the connoiſſeurs would have termed a beauty, poſſeſſed one of the moſt agreeable faces Nature ever formed; her figure, though rather diminutive, was extremely elegant; gentle and unaſſuming, yet was there ſomething ſo irreſiſtibly captivating in her manner, that but to ſee and converſe with her, was ever after to eſteem and love her.

She was completely miſtreſs of muſic, and danced incomparably well; for Radmill, who conſidered her as his own child, had her educated as ſuch: and had Henry betrayed any inclination to have given her a legal claim to that title, he would have been happy in ſeeing them united.

Whether

Whether Henry's affection for Mary-Jane was merely Platonic, for love her he certainly did, as did almoſt every one who knew her, time will evince.

CHAP. VI.

An Impoſtor—a Fribble—and a ſpirited Retort.

RADMILL, ſince he had declined buſineſs, exhibited a ſplendid equipage; and, on the morning he had determined to leave London, at the appointed time ſaw every thing in readineſs at the door; Mary-Jane, and Henry no longer repugnant to his wiſhes, had already finiſhed breakfaſt, and were waiting to begin their journey.

The neceſſary luggage was ſoon fixed to the vehicle, and ſhortly after they arrived at Sutton. Here Radmill ordered poſt-horſes, and deſired the coachman to follow gently after with his, and be at Brighton any time in the courſe of the following day.

Things went on apparently agreeable to all parties until they were within a ſhort diſtance of Cuckfield, when one of the poſt-boys, on his horſes becoming reſtive, found it impoſſible to govern them, though he did as much as any other perſon in his ſituation could do; the conſequence was that an immenſe quantity of ſtones, which were heaped on his right for the purpoſe of repairing the road, the furious animals plunged over, and broke a wheel of the coach; then, as if ſatisfied in having effected their purpoſe, became pacified, and ſtood ſtill, when Radmill, who was much alarmed, perhaps more by the ſcreams and terrified ſtate of Mary-Jane than through an idea of his own perſonal danger, opened the door, and jumped out.

Henry

Henry did the ſame on the oppoſite ſide, and Mary-Jane the next moment ſprung into his arms.

Radmill, ſeeing her in ſafety, and ſupported by Henry, began to queſtion the poſtboys.

"You infernal break-neck ſcoundrels! what do you deſerve for your careleſſneſs?"

"Indeed, good Sir," one of them replied, "the accident was unavoidable; the horſes, I believe, were frightened by the bell which hangs from the neck of one of the ſheep in the fold we have juſt paſſed;—we have drove them often, but they never ſerved us ſuch a plaguy trick before."

"Rot me if I believe a word of it.—But how the devil are we to get on? for d'ye ſee, you ſtupid raſcal, a wheel of the carriage is broken!"

"It is only one mile to Cuckfield, and, if your Honour pleaſe, I'll take off one of

the horſes, ride thither, and return as ſoon as poſſible with a chaiſe."

"If it be as you ſay, only one mile, we can walk there in leſs time than you can procure us a conveyance.—What ſay you, Mary-Jane?" who was now quite recovered from her unwelcome ſurpriſe, "what ſay you, ſhall we wait for a chaiſe, or walk on to Cuckfield?"

They ſoon agreed to walk, and the poſt-boys were ordered to follow gently after them with the carriage, as the wheel was not ſo much broken, but with care they might manage to get it at leaſt a mile, without much difficulty.

They had proceeded about half way when a man, bent almoſt double with age, and miſerably clad, approached them, took off his hat, extended it toward them, and in tremulous accents begged only one poor ſolitary halfpenny might be beſtowed upon him,

him, as for ſome hours no food had entered his lips.

Radmill gazed at him for ſome time in profound aſtoniſhment; at laſt he exclaimed—

"Surely there muſt be a proviſion for men of your years; or do you chuſe this mode of gaining your ſuſtenance, in preference to good wholeſome food, a comfortable habitation, and a warm fire, which all pariſhes are compelled to find for their own poor."

"I am an American born," he replied, "and have no legal claim on the buildings conſtructed and appropriated for the reception of the poor in this iſland, or you had not ſeen me in this diſtreſſed ſituation; however, if I can but hold it out until I reach London, which, with the aſſiſtance of benevolent men, I truſt I ſhall be enabled to effect, I have a friend there who will not

ſuffer me to ſtarve for the want of his protection."

"Come, Mary-Jane," exclaimed Radmill, "empty your pockets, girl; and do you likewiſe, Henry, beſtow a trifle to relieve this honeſt fellow."

Mary-Jane produced a guinea, Henry the ſame, Radmill followed their example, and each dropped their offering into the hat.—The old man was too much aſtoniſhed immediately to thank them—he, however, as they haſtened from him, ſent a bleſſing after them, and they ſoon after arrived at Cuckfield; here they ordered dinner, which, by the time they had finiſhed, the carriage was repaired.

Having paid the poor fellows who drove them when the caſualty occurred, they very naturally petitioned for ſomething extra for themſelves, which Radmill was predetermined not to give, for he could not diveſt himſelf of the idea that they were in fault.

One

One of them, finding him determined, replied—

"God bleſs you, Sir, I am as ſorry for the accident as you are, and am equally innocent of what you impute to me, though I am likely to feel the inconvenience ariſing from it much longer; but were I to be the only ſufferer, it wouldn't grieve me."

"Explain yourſelf," ſaid Radmill.

"I have a wife and ſix children," he continued, "and the loſs I ſhall experience will be felt by them. We are poor, your Honour, but honeſt and induſtrious—though misfortunes may happen to the beſt of us."

"Then, in conſideration of them, I give you this," rejoined Radmill, putting half-a-guinea into his hand, "though I conceive you ſo little deſerving."

"May you never live to want it!" uttered the poſtboy; "and may the hard ſtones, which had nearly deprived me of what ſhould have purchaſed a ſoft loaf for my family,

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"May you never live to want it!" uttered the poſtboy; "and may the hard ſtones, which had nearly deprived me of what ſhould have purchaſed a ſoft loaf for my family,

be the laſt misfortune your Honour may ever encounter !"

They ſoon after re-aſcended the coach, and in about two hours were ſafely ſet down at Henwood's New Inn and Hotel, in Brighton. Here they were comfortably accommodated for the night, and they, on the ſucceeding day, hired a pleaſant houſe on the Marine Parade.

" Who would live in London," obſerved Radmill, as he reviewed the ocean from the drawing-room window, " in the dry part of the year, when they can be ſo much cooler, and comfortably accommodated in the country ?"

Mary-Jane expreſſed her ſatisfaction at the houſe he had choſen ; and Henry could do no other than approve what ſo amply gratified them.

In

In the afternoon they amuſed themſelves by walking a conſiderable diſtance on the ſea-ſhore; on their return they paſſed a group of ladies and gentlemen, who, like themſelves, had been rambling and inhaling the ſalubrious and refreſhing breeze that floated over the ſwelling waves, and were then liſtening to the woe-fraught narrative of a maimed ſailor. Juſt as Radmill came up to them, one of the gentlemen, in anſwer to the ſailor, exclaimed—

"I am ſurpriſed you apply not to your pariſh for relief;—though your limb was ſhattered on board a trading veſſel, that muſt provide for you."

"I am an American born," he replied, "and have no legal claim on the buildings conſtructed and appropriated for the reception of the poor in this iſland, or you had not ſeen me in this diſtreſſed ſituation;—however, if I can but hold it out until I reach London, which, with the aſſiſtance of

benevolent men, I truſt I ſhall be enabled to effect, I have a friend there who will not ſuffer me to ſtarve for the want of his protection."

Radmill was planet-ſtruck; they were the very words in which he had been addreſſed by the aged man he had been ſo liberal to within a mile of Cuckfield; the voice he thought he remembered likewiſe, though the tremor which accompanied the words then was loſt, and the perſon, from whoſe lips they now iſſued, appeared at leaſt fifty years younger. Prompted by ſurpriſe and curioſity, he advanced toward him; the cripple no ſooner ſaw him than ſtarting back, his leg, which a minute before ſeemed of no uſe to him, regained its former vigour, and he, without waiting to hear what Radmill had to ſay, darted off with ſuch extreme velocity, that it would have puzzled the ſtouteſt of them to have overtaken him.

The

The ladies and gentlemen turned to Radmill for an explanation, which he preſently gave them; they laughed immoderately, and Radmill was not a little hurt by finding he had been ſo egregiouſly impoſed upon.

"Rot me," he at laſt exclaimed, "I took him to be an hundred years old at leaſt."

"The next time, old gentleman," obſerved a pert effeminate fop, "you are inclined to relieve age and debility, examine more accurately the lines of the face, leſt, in lieu of the furrows and wrinkles of time, you are again laughed at for poſſeſſing weakneſs ſufficient to be duped by years and infirmity, counterfeited in the black marks of burnt-cork or Indian-ink."

"And," retorted Henry, who ſtood juſt behind him, and whom he had not noticed before, "do you learn the reſpect due to thoſe older than yourſelf, as, the next time you offend a friend of mine, your being with ladies

ladies ſhall not ſcreen you from that chaſtiſement ſuch inſolence merits."

"Egad!" replied another of them, "Jeſſamy, you have met with your match; now you have the opportunity you have long wiſhed for, of eſtabliſhing your reputation as a man of courage."

Jeſſamy, however, was too much confuſed and terrified to return an anſwer, but taking his *eau-de-luce* bottle from his pocket, placed it to his pretty noſe, and walked away; the reſt of the gentlemen exulting in his diſgrace, and bowing politely to Henry and his friends, with loud and reiterated peals of laughter, in which the ladies heartily joined, haſtened merrily after him.

Radmill was pleaſed, and ſhaking Henry by the hand, commended him for his ſpirit.

The ſubject, however, which had occaſioned ſo much mirth, ſtill dwelt upon Radmill's

mill's mind; and as he was about to enter his lodgings, he loudly exclaimed—

"Rot it, may I never die, if I once ſuſpected the old raſcal of an American was an impoſtor!"

"And for myſelf," anſwered Henry, "I ſuſpected——"

"You ſuſpected, puppy!" vehemently interrupted Radmill, "then why did you permit me to throw away my money?—Rot me if I believe you; had it been within the circumſcribed power of human penetration to have detected him, he had never eſcaped me."

"I beg your pardon," replied Henry, "you miſunderſtood what I was about to utter—to which if you will but have the patience to liſten until I have finiſhed the ſentence, you will find——"

"Well," exclaimed he, "patience, preaching puppy—proceed."

"I

"I was about to ſay," continued Henry, "that I ſuſpected not the impoſtor."

Radmill was appeaſed, and Henry was his dear boy again. A paſſage in Cumberland's benevolent Jew recurred to his memory as they entered the houſe, and he loudly exclaimed—

"If my money is gone, my motives are not."

CHAP.

CHAP. VII.

The Stcine.

THEY had juſt taken their tea and coffee when Henry, who was ſitting near to the window, ſuddenly exclaimed—

" Yonder I declare is your old acquaintance, Plagiary !"

" Plagiary, Henry, did you ſay ?" replied Radmill, advancing to the window as he ſpoke: " Egad ! it is he ſure enough. We'll have him in ; he'll prove a valuable addition to our party, for moſt likely he can tell us the faſhionable mode of killing time at this place."

Radmill

Radmill immediately rang the bell, and ordered the ſervant to acquaint the gentleman whom he pointed out to him, that a perſon by the name of Radmill, would be happy to ſhake hands with him.

The ſervant haſtened to deliver his meſſage, and Plagiary ſoon after was uſhered up ſtairs.

Radmill had known Plagiary for a number of years; he was about his own age, and, like himſelf, had made a fortune by trade; yet was he ſo whimſical, though not unpleaſant, in his diſcourſe, which he was inceſſantly interſperſing with quotations from different works he had peruſed, that though many cenſured, few grew tired in his company.

When the friendly greetings by all parties were ſuſpended, Plagiary began to enquire how long they had been at Brighton, whether they had ſubſcribed their five ſhillings each

each at the libraries, and viſited the Ball-rooms, the Grove, the Theatre, and a long liſt of *et ceteras*.

To which Radmill made anſwer, that they had only arrived on the preceding evening, and much wanted his friendly inſtructions as to the modiſh method of ſpending their hours.

"Oh foregad!" he replied, "I will ſoon put you into the right way. The libraries we'll viſit directly; thoſe are the faſhionable lounges, and at this time in the evening they are in general prodigiouſly crowded.—What ſay you, Miſs Radmill, will a gentle walk prove agreeable?"

Being anſwered in the affirmative, they ſoon viſited the places above mentioned, ſubſcribed their five ſhillings at each library, and then enjoyed an agreeable promenade on the Steine, Plagiary amuſing them by giving ſhort accounts of almoſt every individual they

they paſſed; for, as he informed them, he had been at Brighton at that time nearly ſix weeks, and had been in the habit, for ſome years paſt, of ſpending at leaſt three months there, and not only knew the major part of the faſhionables who made it their ſummer's reſort, but the inhabitants alſo.

"Do but obſerve," he continued, "yonder is an opulent Jew, whoſe heart lies in the right place; and yonder a mercenary pawnbroker, with no heart at all. To the right is a noble Marquis, followed by a numerous train of ſycophants and flatterers; and to the left a Right Honourable, over head and ears in debt.—But ſee, hither comes a worthy Baronet, who has a handſome villa not an hundred miles from this place; and juſt behind him, ſolitary and dejected, a poor emigrant, whoſe miſery commenced when his Royal Maſter ſuffered: ſince then he has wandered a hapleſs exile over a foreign ſoil, and hourly petitions Heaven for a reſtoration of monarchical power

power to extirpate the baneful tree of liberty, reſtore the olive of peace, and once more give tranquillity to his diſtreſſed country. Behold, the Baronet turns and obſerves him; he takes him cordially by the hand; the Baronet has a heart that would do honour to an Emperor, and the poor Frenchman's countenance ſeems to acknowledge it; for ſee, his ſombre features brighten into a ſmile—he has been unfortunate, and that is ſufficient to make the Baronet his friend. Behold, they are walking together; the Frenchman is unboſoming his grief, and his auditor appears affected with the tale. "May the eye that drops for the misfortunes of others, never ſhed a tear for its own!"—Juſt before us are an aſſemblage of graces, and a little beyond them a group as graceleſs as cards, dice, and Pharo can make them.—But turn your eyes this way, and, ſupported by her aged mother, you'll behold the beauteous Emma.

"If you have tears, prepare to ſhed them now."

Poor

Poor Emma! ſhe had placed her affections on a Naval Officer, though

" She never told her love,
" But let concealment, like a worm i'the bud,
" Feed on her damaſk cheek."

He, however, was ſlain in the memorable action of the firſt of Auguſt—an unfortunate day for Emma.

" She heard the doleful tidings of his death,
" And never ſmil'd again."

She has been for ſeveral weeks paſt confined to her room by ſickneſs, and though now much recovered, " pines in thought," and endeavours to conceal her inward miſery.

" Sorrow conceal'd, like an oven ſtopp'd,
" Burns the heart to cinders where it is."

Radmill and Henry were moved, and Mary Jane applied her handkerchief to catch a ſtarting tear.

A ſilence

A ſilence for ſome minutes enſued, when Mary-Jane at laſt ejaculated—

"If ſhe never told her love, how became you ſo well informed of the ſtate of her heart?"

"That you ſhall know," anſwered Plagiary, "and the ſtory of Emma likewiſe, when we are more at leiſure to enter into particulars.

"Paſſion, I ſee, is catching; for mine eyes,
"Seeing thoſe beads of ſorrow ſtand in thine,
"Began to water."

"Poor Emma!" ſaid Radmill.

"Unfortunate girl!" exclaimed Henry.

"I would ſhe were leſs unhappy!" ſighed Mary-Jane; "but hope deſtroyed, peace and tranquillity no more befriend the wretched ſufferer."

"'Tis true, 'tis pity;
"And pity 'tis, 'tis true;"

loudly rejoined Plagiary.

"Sure,"

" Sure," ſuddenly exclaimed Radmill, " yonder I perceive Northcote, or my eyes deceive me!"

" Northcote," ſaid Plagiary, " he is a ſtrange fellow:

" He reads much,
" He is a great obſerver, and he looks
" Quite through the deeds of men."

" I proteſt it is he," exclaimed Mary-Jane and Henry.

" Then he muſt join our party," ſaid Plagiary;

" For his ſilver hairs
" Will purchaſe us a good opinion,
" And buy men's voices to commend our deeds:
" It ſhall be ſaid, his judgment rul'd our hands;
" Our youths and wildneſs ſhall no whit appear,
" But all be bury'd in his gravity."

" Come," ſaid Radmill, " let us bear a little more to the right, and we ſhall meet him; I know

know he will be glad to ſee us, though he may not poſſeſs the candour to avow it."

"Notwithſtanding all his oddities," obſerved Mary-Jane, "I ever feel myſelf happy when I am in his company; but there is an indeſcribable ſomething in his manner whenever he looks or ſpeaks to me, which is but ſeldom, that awes me. I am ſure it is not fear, yet I would not incur his diſpleaſure for the world."

"I believe him to be a worthy man," ſaid Henry, "but ſo extremely moroſe and teſty, I ſeldom addreſs a word to him leſt I ſhould offend."

"I never ſaw him inclined to mirth," rejoined Plagiary, "and I have known him ſome years, and been often in company with him.

"Seldom he ſmiles, and ſmiles in ſuch a ſort
"As if he mock'd himſelf, and ſcorn'd his ſpirit
"That could be mov'd to ſmile at any thing."

"He obſerves us," remarked Mary-Jane, "and is making towards us."

He ſoon came up with them, ſhook Radmill by the hand, made a formal bow to Plagiary, and ſeemed pleaſed when Mary-Jane and Henry profeſſed themſelves glad to ſee him.

Radmill, as uſual, was overwhelming him with a torrent of interrogatories; ſuch as, why he informed him not, when he laſt parted with him, that he was about to make an excurſion into the country?—How long ere he returned to town? &c. &c.; which Northcote, as uſual, anſwered not, but haſtily left him.

"I declare," ſaid Radmill, "he went off in ſuch a hurry that I forgot to inform him where I had fixed my reſidence; but moſt likely we ſhall ſoon meet with him again, and if he gives me time, I can acquaint him then.—But come, ſhall we walk homeward?—What ſay you, Plagiary, have you any objection to goſſip part of the evening with us?"

"None,"

"None," he replied; and ſoon after they were all comfortably ſeated in Radmill's drawing-room, on the Marine-Parade.

Plagiary and Radmill were ſoon engaged in controverſy; Henry and Mary-Jane ſat ſilent ſpectators: and as Radmill had been frequently contradicted by Plagiary, in ſome eſſential points of his argument, they anticipated the riſing ſtorm.

"Riches," ſaid Radmill, "ſpite of all you can advance, will not enſure happineſs."

"True," replied the other; "but poverty is prolific in miſery."

"An induſtrious man will thrive in any country."

"He may keep himſelf; but if he has a family, the aſſiſtance of a friend may prove very acceptable."

"Providence never ſends children but clothes are ſent likewiſe, if the man be deſerving."

" But by ſome ſtrange miſtake, which I never could account for, the children are ſometimes ſent to one houſe, and the clothes to another."

" I affirm that induſtry, in an upright man, never goes unrewarded; ſearch the world through, and you will find it ſo; and that miſery, diſeaſe, and poverty, we inherit from intemperance, idleneſs, and folly."

" That is not always the caſe, as I will ſoon make it appear."

" Rot me but it is always the caſe, and you are an obſtinate blockhead for preſuming to ſay it is not."

" Better words!" warmly replied Plagiary; " for, by the Gods, thou wert better gall the devil than gall me."

" I defy the devil and all his works," retorted Radmill, " and care as little for you or your anger, as I do for him."

" Zounds, man!" ſaid Plagiary,

" Hear me, for I will ſpeak;
" Muſt I give way to your raſh choler?
" Shall I be frighted when a madman ſtares?"

" Rot

"Rot your quotations!" vociferated Radmill; "but this is language, be whoſe the devil it may, I feel ſo averſe to liſten to, that in future I do requeſt we may be better ſtrangers."

Plagiary was ſorry he had gone ſo far; he reſpected Radmill, and knowing the violence of his temper, blamed himſelf for provoking him; but Plagiary was likewiſe acquainted with the certain method to conciliate matters again, therefore, burſting into a loud laugh, he exclaimed—

"And are you indeed ſeriouſly angry?

"Have you not love enough to bear with me,
"When the raſh humour, which my mother gave me,
"Makes me forgetful?"

"Rot it," ſaid Radmill, much ſoftened, "ſpeak to me in your own terms, and I will have the patience to liſten to you."

" I knew," rejoined Plagiary, " I ſhould be forgiven, though

" I did not think you could have been ſo angry."

" Or you ſo provoking," replied Radmill.

" I ſhall be more cautious in future," ſaid Plagiary ;

" This was an ill beginning of the night,
" Never came ſuch diviſion 'tween our ſouls."

" Well, Sir," pronounced Radmill, " I truſt you will now admit that an induſtrious man will ever find enough of the good things of this world to make him cheerful and contented."

" And none to ſpare," rejoined Plagiary.

" He needs none," ſaid Radmill ; " enough is as much as a good man requires, and more than a bad one deſerves."

" True," replied Plagiary,

" He who has juſt enough can ſoundly ſleep;
" What's o'er, only troubles us to keep."

This

This obſervation made Radmill and Plagiary friends again; they ſpent the remainder of the evening merrily together, and at a late hour Plagiary, riſing from his ſeat, exclaimed—

"The deep of night is crept upon our talk,
"And Nature muſt obey Neceſſity;
"Which we will niggard with a little reſt."

Then bidding them adieu, he departed.

CHAP. VIII.

LETTER I.

Mr. Northcote to Mrs. Mowbray.

Brighton, July 9.

"NO doubt you will be ſurpriſed at receiving a letter from me dated at Brighton, particularly as, but a few days ſince, I wrote to you from London; and, contrary to my uſual cuſtom, for with you I have no ſecrets, I apprized you not that I was about to make ſuch an excurſion;—how could I?—at that time I knew it not myſelf.—Radmill who, but for his extreme garrulity, and his inſupportable

inſupportable inquiſitiveneſs into matters that concern him not, and which often induce me to treat him with contempt, I ſhould be proud to confeſs my friend, left town the day before me.—I know not how it is, yet is there ſomething I cannot account for, that binds me to him; and, in my annual perambulations, my thoughts are more with him than the immediate objects around.—Mary-Jane is an angel, and will be a valuable acquiſition to any man that has the merit to deſerve her, if Radmill ſpoils her not, by teaching her to utter twenty words where one would ſuffice. When I am near her ſhe is generally reſerved —I like her the better for it; I frequently find myſelf gazing intently upon her features, and anxiouſly watching her every action, and, in ſpite of my efforts to ſuppreſs, a tear at thoſe times will ſtart into my eye.—My amiable friend, from what unſeen cauſe can ſuch ſenſations originate? or why ſhould I feel more intereſted for Mary-Jane than for others whom I ſee every day, equally lovely

and equally adorned with every mental accompliſhment?—Alas! it is impoſſible for you to diſcloſe the hidden ſprings which actuate a ſoul like mine, and which will ever, even to myſelf, remain a myſtery.—Radmill dotes upon her; he has the ſame paternal affection for the poor orphan that he has for Henry, his only child.—Henry is a noble youth—he treats Mary-Jane as a beloved ſiſter;—what a pity he cheriſhes not a paſſion for her more tender! if any occurrence could afford me a moment's pleaſure, it muſt proceed from witneſſing their nuptials.—But why do I mention pleaſure? why guide my pen to inſert a term, the true meaning of which I doubt to be in exiſtence; for what methods have I not tried—what ſocieties not entered—(though I hate ſociety, and I hate to be alone, for I cannot endure myſelf)—what ground have I not trodden in queſt of it, to relieve my aching ſenſes, and to gain heaven-born tranquillity and contentment?—Alas! they are no where to be met with; or, if they do exiſt, their

viſits

viſits are but tranſitory. In relieving the honeſt unfortunate, and chaſing the agonizing beads of woe from the wan cheek of Penury, has afforded me the only real joy, ſince the death of my ſainted wife, I ever experienced. But then reflection tells me, though I have it in my power to make others happy, I ſhall never eradicate the ſeeds of melancholic deſpondency, which Nature has implanted within me, and which drives me almoſt mad! Yet, had Providence ſpared my wife, or, taking her, had ſtill bleſſed me in a daughter, a being, perhaps, who at this period would have ſoothed my grief, and made me, ſpite of myſelf, in love with life!—Deſpair cankers within me when I but touch upon the ſubject—I muſt reſign it.——I have ſeen Radmill ſince my arrival, I have ſeen Henry, and I have ſeen Mary-Jane; I met them caſually with a perſon of the name of Plagiary—he may be an upright man, but he talks too much; I would not be impriſoned for half an hour, in a cloſe room, with him and Radmill for the wealth of nations.—I was

with them but a ſhort time. Radmill was beginning to be impertinently loquacious, and I abruptly left them.—My good and amiable couſin, adieu!"

CHAP. IX.

The Letter—the Maſtiff—and the Stranger.

RADMILL had been at Brighton nearly a week, when one morning a ſervant entered the room, and delivered to Henry a letter he had juſt received from the poſt-office.—He broke the ſeal, finding by the ſuperſcription it was for himſelf, and not his father; and as he made himſelf acquainted with the contents, became viſibly agitated. Radmill,

who obſerved it, anxiouſly enquired what had ſo ſenſibly affected him.

" Oh! it is of no conſequence," Henry replied, " to any one but myſelf; and could I have prevailed upon you, Sir, to have continued but a few days longer in town, even by myſelf it had been avoided."

" What had been avoided, Henry?" loudly vociferated Radmill. " You make me uneaſy; I inſiſt upon your informing me what that deviliſh paper contains."

" I dare not, I have ſolemnly pledged my word not to do it, and ſurely my father cannot wiſh me to become ſo baſe as, under ſuch circumſtances, to break it."

" In thoſe caſes," obſerved Radmill, " there are always exceptions, Henry;—a father has a right which ſuperſedes all other, he has a right to command, and if the ſon be dutiful, he will not heſitate to obey."

" In this particular only," returned Henry, " my dear Sir, I muſt refuſe;—at ſome future period, when I am abſolved from my promiſe

promiſe, you ſhall be made acquainted with what I am at this moment obliged to withhold from your knowledge."

Saying theſe words, he quitted the room. That ſomething had ariſen, and that too not of a trivial nature, to diſtreſs him was obvious; and Radmill inwardly reproached himſelf for leaving London ſo precipitately, as Henry had avowed his preſent uneaſineſs originated with it.

The ſubject on that and the ſucceeding day was frequently renewed, but ſtill Henry remained inflexible; but having recovered from his firſt emotions, he endeavoured to reaſſume his native gaiety.

The night ſubſequent, being Monday, on which the Aſſembly was held, they agreed to ſpend a few hours there; and the evening proving uncommonly ſerene and beautiful, they choſe to walk in preference to being conveyed in the carriage, but ordered the coach-

coachman to be in readineſs, about eleven o'clock, to bring them back again.

They had juſt reached the Steine, when a large maſtiff, with whom ſome perſons had been amuſing themſelves by ſending into the water, and who, to dry himſelf, had been rolling in the duſt of the road, unfortunately not perceiving Radmill as he paſſed, ran againſt him, and ſadly ſoiled his white ſilk ſtockings. Radmill, much enraged, raiſed his fiſt, and aimed a blow at him, which however the poor dog avoided, and then, as if ſenſible of the fault he had committed, crouched at his feet, and with a ſupplicating look awaited his expected chaſtiſement.—What did Radmill? Did he daſh the trembling cur from him?—No, reader; he became ſenſible the offence was unintentional, his reſentment evaporated, he patted the ſhaggy forehead of the dirty animal, curſed his own impetuoſity, went home and—what then?—changed his hoſe.

Mary-

Mary-Jane and Henry returned with him; ſoon afterwards they again ſet forward, and, free from further accident, arrived at the Ball-room.

Mary-Jane had been but a ſhort time in the room, when a genteel perſon, apparently about forty years of age, requeſted the honour of her hand for the next dance. Radmill and Henry had but the moment previous left her, to take a view of the card parties in the adjoining apartment, with a promiſe to return again (as ſhe declined accompanying them, being more amuſed where ſhe then was) in a few minutes.

Mary-Jane yielded to the gentleman's requeſt, and having finiſhed the dance, he led her to a ſeat. Radmill and Henry were not yet returned, and Mary-Jane, who was paſſionately fond of dancing, had almoſt forgotten them.

Her

Her partner paid her every attention, and ſhe unwarily, conſidering he was a ſtranger, entered into a lively converſation with him; he ſoon poſſeſſed himſelf of her name, that is, the name Radmill ever wiſhed her to aſſume—though not bound to him by any ties of conſanguinity, he wiſhed her to be conſidered as his daughter; and Mary-Jane was ſo accuſtomed to be called by the name of Radmill, that ſhe ſeldom imagined ſhe had any other.

Already had ſhe given her conſent for another dance, when Northcote, whom Mary-Jane had not before perceived, advanced towards her, and with a ſtern look extended his hand. Mary-Jane, awed and aſtoniſhed by his manner, involuntarily placed her hand within his, and he, without uttering a word, conducted her into the next room, left her with Radmill and Henry, and precipitately departed.

Henry

Henry perceived by her countenance that ſomething unpleaſant had occurred to diſtreſs her, as did Radmill, and blamed himſelf for leaving her; Mary-Jane, however, pleaded indiſpoſition, and ſomewhat ſooner than eleven o'clock, finding the carriage in waiting, they were ſet down at their own door.

Mary-Jane, when retired to her chamber, began to revolve in her mind the ſtrange incident that had occurred in the Aſſembly-room. She felt unhappy, yet ſhe knew not why; that her partner ſhould permit her to be forced from him without even expoſtulating with the perſon who had behaved in ſo extraordinary a manner, much aſtoniſhed her. His name ſhe knew not; but as this, ſhe conceived, muſt ſometimes happen to thoſe who frequent ſuch places, ſhe could not imagine that ſhe had committed an impropriety in yielding to his requeſt when he ſolicited her hand. He had never been introduced to her, it was true, nor did ſhe know that the etiquette of the place required it;

it; but whether he had, or had not, was more than Northcote knew.—However, the more ſhe reflected, the more perplexed ſhe became; ſhe blamed Henry for quitting her, herſelf for not accompanying him, and, in a ſtate of mind not the moſt enviable, endeavoured to forget the occurrence in ſleep.

In the morning Northcote called upon them. Mary-Jane trembled at his approach; though unconſcious of having acted wrong, yet could ſhe not command her feelings.

"So, my good friend," exclaimed Radmill, as he entered, "you have found us out.—Come, ſit down, and ſpend an hour or ſo with us."

Northcote ſeated himſelf oppoſite to Mary-Jane, who much flurried at his preſence, and fearful of raiſing her eyes towards him leſt they ſhould meet his, to relieve herſelf from her embarraſſment, threw up the

the ſaſh, and made ſome trifling remarks on the weather. At that moment a gentleman paſſing by, and deſcrying Mary-Jane, politely took off his hat, and bowed to her; he at firſt ſeemed inclined to ſtop, but, on obtaining a glimpſe of Northcote, altered his intention, and walked away.

Mary-Jane's cheeks were ſuffuſed with bluſhes when, in the perſon who ſaluted her, ſhe recognized her partner of the preceding evening.

Radmill, who, as well as Henry and Northcote, had obſerved what paſſed, exclaimed—

"Mary-Jane, do you know that gentleman?—His behaviour indicated that he has ſome knowledge of you."

"I have ſeen him only once before, Sir," timidly replied Mary-Jane.

Henry

Henry was ſurpriſed at her manner; and, if he had any real affection for her, ſomething like jealouſy at that moment ſtruck upon his heart, as he enquired where and when ſhe had before ſeen him.

In this particular Mary-Jane ſoon ſatisfied him, though ſhe did not acquaint him in how ſingular a way they had been interrupted.

"Rot it," obſerved Radmill, "if you don't keep a better look out, Henry, we ſhall loſe Mary-Jane at ſome of theſe gay places, one time or another.—Do you know who this young ſpark is, Northcote?"

"I do," he drily replied.

"Who and what is he?" interrogated Radmill.

"A conſummate ſcoundrel," ſaid Northcote, fixing his eyes intently upon Mary-Jane as he ſpoke.

"Indeed,"

"Indeed," exclaimed Radmill; "why rot it, Mary-Jane, you have made a very pretty acquaintance."

"Acquaintance, Sir," reiterated Mary-Jane, more confuſed; "until laſt night I never ſaw or ſpoke to him, and, after what I have juſt heard, never wiſh to ſee or ſpeak to him again."

"May be not," ſaid Northcote.

"Well well," rejoined Radmill, "but who is he?—what is his name?—where does he come from?—how long has he been in Brighton?—and where the devil does he reſide?"

Northcote frowned, but ſaid nothing.

"He has the appearance of a gentleman, however," continued Radmill.

"So may a thief," replied Northcote.

"I wiſh I knew him," rejoined Henry.

"Better remain ignorant, young man," acrimoniouſly obſerved Northcote, "than profit by his inſtruction."

"But,

"But, friend Northcote," exclaimed Radmill, preventing Henry from giving an anſwer to what had been laſt uttered, "you have not told us his name."

"Enquire of Mary-Jane," he moroſely replied; "probably it may be in her power to ſatisfy you."

"Indeed, indeed, his name I know not," ſaid Mary-Jane, vainly endeavouring to ſuppreſs a tear which Northcote's ungenerous ſuſpicion produced, "nor ever do I wiſh to hear it."

"Heyday!" vociferated Radmill, "rot it, what plague has viſited you all?"

No one anſwered. Northcote ſuddenly left them, and Radmill, finding his curioſity in this, as in the letter, not likely to be ſatisfied, propoſed an airing in the carriage; and Mary-Jane, leſt a refuſal might lead to more interrogatories, ſeconded the motion; and Henry, who at another opportunity was determined to inveſtigate the affair between Mary-

Mary-Jane and the unknown, hesitated not to give his assent likewise.

In the evening, Radmill being engaged at Gregory's in close conversation with Plagiary, Henry and Mary-Jane were for some time by themselves, when the following discourse took place between them :—

" My dear Mary-Jane, what could occur to you last night at the Rooms, that induced Northcote to be so severe with you this morning ?"

" And pray, my sweet inquisitive gentleman, what was the substance of the letter you to-day received, that your father and myself, so dissimilar to your wonted custom, are to be kept in ignorance of ?"

" Mary-Jane, you have before heard my reason, and could I have complied with your requests, perhaps neither your advice, nor the advice of my father could have been of the least benefit to me. My advice, probably, in the present instance, may prevent your

your encountering the ſame unpleaſant ſtrictures in future, you but this morning endured."

"But if I ſhould ſolemnly have pledged my word not to anſwer theſe queſtions?"

"Such a promiſe, and to a ſtranger, would have been the height of imprudence, and I can never imagine Mary-Jane would ſo juſtly have merited the reproaches of her friends."

"And I ſincerely truſt I never ſhall; for I aſſure you, Henry, Mr. Northcote has this day inflicted more real pain than I ever before experienced."

Here Mary-Jane informed Henry of every thing that had paſſed between her and the unknown, and the ſingular behaviour of Northcote on the occaſion; and expreſſed much pleaſure and ſurpriſe that her partner had not demanded an explanation of him for ſuch extremely rude conduct.

Henry could form no probable concluſion either; he blamed Mary-Jane for dancing with a perſon ſhe had never been introduced to, and promiſed in future, when they viſited the public places of amuſement together, never again to leave her unprotected.

"I would to Heaven, Henry," ejaculated Mary-Jane, "that letter you have received may not eventually prove a ſubject of greater uneaſineſs to us all, than what my ſimple indiſcretion has, or is likely to do!"

Henry returned no anſwer, but was for ſome time loſt in reverie; Mary-Jane would have given the world to have removed what ſeemed to prey upon his ſpirits, but knowing her own incapacity, even had Henry proved leſs inflexible, ſhe became grave and taciturn likewiſe. How long they would have continued in this muſing ſituation, had not Radmill and Plagiary broken in upon their meditations, we cannot poſitively aſcertain.

CHAP.

CHAP. X.

The Story of Emma.

"Quis talia fando temperet a lachrymis?"

VIRGIL.

"MY good friends," exclaimed Plagiary, on perceiving their dejection,

"What grief hath ſet the jaundice on your cheeks?"

"Rot it," ſaid Radmill, before either had time to reply, "I hope there have been no more letters whom every body is to be denied a ſight of; nor any acquaintance formed with people before you know who they are."

Plagiary would willingly have been inquiſitive, as he knew not to what Radmill alluded, had not Mary-Jane prevented him by deſiring to hear the ſtory of Emma, which he had previouſly promiſed.

"Well," ſaid he, "I have no objection; and, as it is but ſhort, can comply with your requeſt in a few words."

And without further circumlocution, having ſeated himſelf, he began as follows:—

"Emma is the only child of a reſpectable Clergyman, rich in every gift Nature could beſtow; ſhe grew the pride and joy of her fond parents, playful as the kid, and pure in innocence as is the ſilver ſtream upon a golden ſoil; ſcarcely even now has ſhe numbered nineteen years, and many youths, ſtruck with her excellence, have ſolicited her hand in marriage, and ſome of high renown, and opulent, have to her father made honourable overtures;—he, to obtain the wealthy plains of

of Indoſtan, would not have bartered in a caſe ſo nice, but referred them to his daughter, reſolved, when heart and inclination could go together, his ſanction ſhould not be withheld.

" Emma, devoid of guile, ſcorned to uphold in expectation when ſhe ne'er deſigned to grant, gently, though poſitive in anſwer, all rejected ;—her heart, untuned to love, yet well conceived the tender paſſion, and, in honeſt worth, determined its potent influence, aided by diſcretion, only ſhould guide her hand, and direct her choice.

" One wintry eve, ſhe was ſitting joyous round a cheerful fire, in merry chat with a choice few, whom friendſhip had ſelected ; her father, to adminiſter the ſolemn rites to one deceaſed, was abſent. The funeral obſequies over, he joined the party attended by a youth juſt ripening into manhood, but on whoſe expreſſive features the ſombre traits of ſorrow were legibly depicted.—' This,' ſaid the worthy Clergyman, taking him by the hand, and leading him to his wife and

daughter, 'this is the ſon of thoſe who were once our neighbours, whom we all eſteemed and much regretted when they departed and ſettled too far for our friendly enquiries to reach; you cannot have forgotten the name of ———, though Emma at that time was too young to have any recollection of it at preſent. They, however, are no more! and this their only ſurviving offspring, ere he fills a ſituation in the Royal Navy his relatives have procured for him, leſt the hand of Fate ſhould cloſe his eyes ere again he returns, and ſheath his maiden ſword in death, is come to bid farewel to thoſe who once were proud to be accounted his parents' friends.'

"The tear of ſympathy was involuntarily ſhed as they welcomed him to their hoſpitable manſion; and as he departed, an oraiſon in pious ejaculation, from hearts uncontaminated with guilt, was uttered for his ſafety.

"From that time Emma would frequently make enquiries about the youth, and learned that his father, a Britiſh merchant, once

once bleſſed with riches in abundance, was, by miſhaps and dire misfortune, robbed of all: a venture bold, belike imprudent, on finding his wealth diminiſhed, he, in a luckleſs hour, hoping to repair his loſſes, ſent to India's ſhore; the veſſel homeward bound, that would have ſpread the healing balm, and made all ſmooth again, engulfed amidſt the foaming ſurges, periſhed!—Soon did the fatal news arrive: his mother, pining in anxiety of expectation leſt ſome misfortune ſhould befal what they had hazarded, ſurvived not the ſhock; and his father, ſome few months after, ſunk likewiſe to the grave, leaving him poor, dependant, and nearly heart-broken, to lament the ſad events.—Soon after, at his own requeſt, the influence of his friends procured him an appointment in the Navy, which he but took leave of the honeſt Clergyman and his family to fill.

"'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful."

"Emma, on a ſudden, loſt that playful volatility which had formerly marked her

ſteps, diffuſing happineſs to all who ſaw and wiſhed her well, became gloomy and penſive, and would ſeek ſome ſequeſtered ſpot where, free from interruption, ſhe could ſit and ſigh alone.

" Her parents, far from ſuſpecting whence her malady originated, and fearful for her life, were adviſed to try the effect of change of atmoſphere, and from Cambden in Glouceſterſhire, their native reſidence, for ſome months ſojourned at Tunbridge Wells; but finding her diſorder rather increaſe than diminiſh, travelled as far as Bath. Here their tender ſolicitude and attention made conſiderable improvement in her ſpirits, and they exultingly anticipated returning health, when the glorious news was proclaimed that the brave Nelſon had fought, had conquered, had deſtroyed the Gallic fleet; this her father imparted to Emma, and, as a tear fell from his eye, he likewiſe told her Adolphus ———, the youth he had introduced to them ere they quitted Cambden, was numbered among the ſlain!—Emma,

" As

" As if the name,
" Shot from the deadly level of a gun,
" Did murder her,"

dropped ſenſeleſs at his feet; a raging fever ſucceeded, and for many weeks her life was deſpaired of;—it was then, and only then they conceived what had wrought the grievous change, and they became almoſt as diſconſolate and miſerable as their hapleſs daughter.

" Emma at laſt began ſlowly to recover, and within theſe few weeks, with her parents, arrived at this place. On hearing of their arrival, I haſtened to pay my reſpects to them; our friendly greetings over, I by chance mentioned the perſon who had been innocently the ſource of ſo much pain and ſorrow, for I had known him from his infancy. Emma ſtarted on hearing his name,

" Then freſh tears
" Stood on her cheeks; as doth the honey dew
" Upon a gather'd lily almoſt wither'd."

" Her father drew me aſide, and, leſt I ſhould again wound the feelings of his daughter, acquainted me with what I have now been telling you; time, he truſts, will obliterate his remembrance from her mind, and once more bleſs him in his child, gay and volatile as ſhe was wont to be.—May it prove ſo! at leaſt it is wiſe to deem it not impoſſible; for

" Why ſhould we
" Anticipate ſorrow? 'Tis like thoſe
" That die for fear of death."

Here Plagiary finiſhed his tale, and perceiving his auditors affected even to tears, to give the converſation a more ſprightly turn, thus addreſſed Radmill—

" How did you approve of what that would-be-thought an orator advanced at the library?"

" Every body," exclaimed Radmill, " ſeemed diſguſted with him, and well they might;—for my part I could have knocked him

him down. Why, he at laſt was waxing downright ſeditious, and made as free with the honorary diſtinctions of his country as if it were a crime to beſtow them, even as a tributary reward to merit."

"Policy in him, my good Sir," ſaid Plagiary; "for

"Degree being vizarded,
"The unworthieſt ſhews as fairly in the maſk."

"True," replied Radmill; "yet is he a dangerous man, and deſerves as ſuch to be taken notice of."

"If he be dangerous," anſwered Plagiary, "himſelf 'tis only he can injure, not his country or his King, under whoſe mild influence he is ſuffered to exiſt; for

"Oh, he ſits high in all the people's hearts."

Had he been in a place leſs public than where we ſaw him, I had but recited a few lines from Shakeſpeare, and his ſophiſtical reaſoning, which ſo incenſed thoſe who had

liſtened to him, would have lacked greater ſupport than his fragile underſtanding could have given."

"I am not quite ſo converſant in Shakeſpeare as you are, therefore ſhould like to hear what then you wanted but an opportunity to utter, and, if it be to the purpoſe, I ſhall thank you."

Plagiary, thus invited, recited as follows part of the ſpeech delivered by Ulyſſes to Agamemnon, in the much-admired tragedy of Troilus and Creſſida :—

"The heavens themſelves, the planets, and this center,
"Obſerve degree, priority, and place,
"Inſiſture, courſe, proportion, ſeaſon, form,
"Office, and cuſtom, in all line of order:
"And therefore is the glorious planet, Sol,
"In noble eminence enthron'd and ſpher'd
"Amidſt the other; whoſe med'cinable eye
"Corrects the ill aſpects of planets evil,
"And poſts, like the commandment of a king,
"Sans check, to good and bad: But when the planets,
"In evil mixture, to diſorder wander,

"What

" What plagues, and what portents? What mutiny?
" What raging of the ſea—ſhaking of earth—
" Commotion in the winds? Frights, changes, horrors,
" Divert and crack, rend and deracinate
" The unity and married calm of States
" Quite from their fixure?—Oh, when degree is ſhak'd,
" Which is the ladder to all high deſigns,
" The enterprize is ſick!—How could communities,
" Degrees in ſchools, and brotherhoods in cities,
" Peaceful commerce from dividable ſhores,
" The primogeniture, and due of birth,
" Prerogative of age, crowns, ſceptres, laurels,
" But by degree, ſtand in authentic place?
" Take but degree away, untune that ſtring,
" And, hark! what diſcord follows! Each thing meets
" In mere oppugnancy. The bounded waters
" Should lift their boſoms higher than the ſhores,
" And make a ſop of all this ſolid globe.
" Strength ſhould be lord of imbecility,
" And the rude ſon ſhould ſtrike his father dead;
" Force ſhould be right; or, rather right and wrong
" (Between whoſe endleſs jar Juſtice reſides)
" Should loſe their names, and ſo ſhould Juſtice too.
" Then every thing includes itſelf in power,
" Power into will, will into appetite,

" And

" And appetite, an univerſal wolf,
" So doubly ſeconded with will and power,
" Muſt make perforce an univerſal prey,
" And, laſt, eat up itſelf.———
" This chaos, when degree is ſuffocate,
" Follows the choking."

Radmill having expreſſed himſelf much gratified in liſtening to the foregone lines, which in fact Plagiary ſpoke with great energy, judgment, and diſcrimination, the diſcourſe, reverting to general topics, became lively and entertaining, in which Mary-Jane and Henry bore a part, and ſeemed to have forgotten what had ſo recently damped the ardour of their ſpirits, that they ſpent one of the moſt pleaſant evenings they had as yet experienced ſince they had fixed their abode in Brighton.

CHAP.

CHAP. XI.

LETTER II.

Mr. Northcote to Mrs. Mowbray.

Brighton.

"IT is now ſomewhat better than a week ſince I arrived at this place; and were there a place on earth that could give eaſe and tranquillity to my tortured mind, here ſhould I expect to find it. It is delightfully ſituated about fifty-four miles from the metropolis, on one of the moſt ſouthern ſpots in the county of Suſſex; and, if I may venture juſtly to form a concluſion from the muſcular appearance,

appearance, and faces bluſhing deep with the ruddy carnation of health, with which moſt of its inhabitants are endued, poſſeſſes one of the moſt ſalubrious and invigorating atmoſpheres mortals ever inhaled. Had ſickneſs only injured my frame, here I ſhould not deſpair of a ſpeedy recovery; but my diſorder is implanted in the mind, interwoven with the very thread of my exiſtence, and with my exiſtence only can terminate, for which great event I am prepared, and patiently wait the moment when my reſtleſs body ſhall find a peaceful ſanctuary in the grave.—Yet why do I diſtreſs your friendly boſom in pouring forth my grief?—Is it becauſe I know your tender heart will feel for me; or is it becauſe I am prompted by the deſire to make you, in commiſerating my ſufferings, as wretched as myſelf?—Whatever be my motive, it can neither augment or relieve the jarring diſcord of my ſenſes. But, were it in my power, I would ſnatch from pain the meaneſt inſect Nature has endued with life; then ſurely I would not voluntarily

voluntarily give anguiſh to my friend.—Laſt night I dreamt I ſaw my ſainted wife, and in her arms my long loſt daughter; though ſo many years have painfully elapſed ſince we were ſeparated, methought they ſtill appeared young and beautiful as I oft had ſeen them. Yet at the moment did it not ſeem ſtrange, for the oblivious veil, which buries what is paſt in ſweet forgetfulneſs, cloſely enveloped my faculties; with eager joy I flew to graſp them to my heart; the exertion awakened me--my diſappointment, when the deluſion was no more, few can conceive, and none deſcribe.—Do you, my dear Mrs. Mowbray, imagine that my daughter ſtill ſurvives? or if ſhe does, after having loſt her now near forty years, there is any chance that I yet may find her? and, were I ſo to do, would it make me happy?—Were I happy before I loſt her? In compariſon, I anſwer, ſuperlatively ſo;—then to find her is to be comparatively bleſſed!——I muſt drop my pen, or chuſe a ſubject which intereſts me leſs, or it will drive me mad indeed.

indeed.—Yeſternoon, as amidſt the lofty eminences that overtop this place of gaiety, I was penſively purſuing a ſolitary walk, the encloſed lying unfolded in my path, induced me to take it up, and read it. I found it to be the fragment of a letter, the ſuperſcription torn away, as was likewiſe the ſignature, and part of what it had formerly contained; however, what remains will ſtrengthen what you have often heard me affirm, that all human beings are ſecretly unhappy, though few ſo completely wretched as myſelf.—Adieu!—Expect to hear from me again ſhortly."

CHAP.

CHAP. XII.

The Libertine.

THE next day, Radmill and Henry having agreed to take an airing over the downs on horſeback, Mary-Jane, unſkilled in this agreeable mode of exerciſe, was too timid to accompany them, and in conſequence was left at home; ſoon after they had left her, tempted by the fineneſs of the morning, ſhe ventured to amuſe the hours until they returned, in promenading the Steine. Not long had ſhe been there when a gentleman made toward her, and politely accoſted her.—Mary-Jane trembled univerſally when ſhe again beheld her partner at the Aſſembly; ſhe

ſhe would have given the world, had it at that moment been at her diſpoſal, to have avoided him; ſhe knew not what to do or how to act—her only hope was that, after having returned his ſalute, he would have left her; but in this ſhe was very much diſappointed, for entering into converſation, which Mary-Jane could not with propriety evade, proved his intention of continuing longer with her than ſhe either wiſhed or expected.

It then recurred to Mary-Jane that by quitting the Steine, and haſtening home, was the only method left her to get from him; but then it was not improbable but he might follow her thither, and, on finding Radmill and Henry abſent, be induced to obtrude himſelf until they returned: and after what had paſſed with Northcote but the day before, the idea dreadfully alarmed her.

Irreſolute how to proceed when ſhe had again reached the South end of the green, which joins

joins the Marine-Parade, ſhe heſitated; the gentleman, noticing her embarraſſment, enquired if ſhe were ſuddenly indiſpoſed, and tenderly ſolicited permiſſion to eſcort her home;—this being what ſhe moſt apprehended, ſhe precipitately turned herſelf about, made ſome trifling reply to his interrogatory, and they again walked forward together.

Mary-Jane unfortunately had formed no acquaintance in Brighton, or ſhe would have flown to them in the preſent dilemma, as ſhe could then have apologized in deſiring him, as a ſtranger, not to accompany her; as it was, her only hope reſted in his ſpeedily leaving her, and that this unwelcome rencounter would ever remain a ſecret to her friends. But what pen can deſcribe her emotions when, turning her head, ſhe beheld, with a countenance contracted with rage, Northcote at her elbow. She uttered an involuntary ſcream, and he hurried paſt them, exclaiming loud enough for both to hear—

" Guilt

" Guilt and hypocriſy !—never couple were better matched."

Mary-Jane, unknowing what ſhe did, ran, or rather flew acroſs the Steine toward her reſidence. Having, as ſhe imagined, reached the houſe, ſhe commenced a violent rapping at the door, when the ſtranger, the ſource of all her trouble, who had in profound amazement followed, ſhe again beheld at her ſide. Mary-Jane then, as the tears of anguiſh burſt from her eyes, deſired him, if he wiſhed not to ſee her expire at his feet, to leave her.

Aſtoniſhed at the incoherence of her expreſſion, and her recent flight, and fearing her faculties were deranged, he conceived it not prudent to comply with her requeſt, but replied—

" Lovely Miſs Radmill, let me but ſee you in a place of ſafety, and your commands, however painful, ſhall be obeyed."

Mary-

Mary-Jane, again knocking violently at the door, became much amazed that nobody anſwered to the ſummons, as well as mortified at the unknown's obſtinacy; he, perceiving her perturbation increaſe, again addreſſed her.

"My dear Madam, I believe you have committed a trifling miſtake; this cannot be your reſidence, as it ſeems at preſent unoccupied by any body."

Mary-Jane, rouſed by this obſervation, on raiſing her eyes to the window, diſcovered her error; for on one of the panes ſhe perceived, in large letters, "Lodgings to let." More confuſed, ſhe ſuffered the ſtranger to conduct her to the right houſe, which he remembered from the ſight he had obtained of her from the drawing-room the day before; ere, however, ſhe had quite gained it, Northcote, with a look of the moſt ineffable contempt, again paſſed them.

Mary-

Mary-Jane, again overcome with terror, and having reached the entrance, which fortunately was open, darted up ſtairs, the next moment entered her own apartment, and double locked the door; ſo completely was ſhe overcome, that ſhe really imagined the unwelcome intruder would have followed her, however repugnant to her wiſhes.

Here ſhe gave vent to a copious flood of tears, which relieving the agony of her overcharged heart, ſhe ſoon became more compoſed; and it was with rapture ſhe at laſt heard Radmill's and Henry's voice reſound from below, and evince to her their return.

Yet how to receive them, when, by the ſwollen appearance of her eyes, they muſt ſoon diſcover that ſhe had been weeping, ſhe knew not. At firſt ſhe formed the reſolution of acquainting them with every particular that had ſo much contributed to diſtreſs her; but in doing ſo, ſhould ſhe be able

able to convince them ſhe had not acted imprudently? or would it not ſeem to Northcote, to whom undoubtedly they would not keep her confeſſion a ſecret, that by endeavouring to prejudice her friends in her favour, and poſſibly creating a coldneſs between them and the party who only could accuſe of her improper conduct, as a certain proof of guilt. Yet ſurely keeping them in ignorance, by giving evaſive anſwers to their tender enquiries, or ſtooping to a falſehood, was not the way long to poſſeſs the eſteem of either. Conſcious of having never committed a fault that could raiſe a guilty bluſh upon her cheeks, why ſhould ſhe conceal any thing from them, or from the knowledge of all the world?—Northcote had treated her moſt ſeverely; but what had ſhe to do with Northcote, ſo long as Radmill and Henry reproached her not—her beſt, her only friends, whether he approved or diſapproved of what ſhe did?"

Thus reaſoned poor Mary-Jane; yet was Northcote ever uppermoſt in her thoughts, and his diſpleaſure had ever appeared more terrible in contemplation than even Radmill's or Henry's: and if he but chanced to commend her actions, or looked but complacently upon her, it would render her ſuperlatively happy. However, fully determined not to anſwer the enquiries that might be made with a falſehood, and feeling herſelf much recovered, ſhe joined Radmill and Henry in the drawing-room.

The traits of her late uneaſineſs, as ſhe expected, were too conſpicuous for a moment to eſcape their obſervation; for as ſoon as they ſaw her, with apparent anxiety and alarm, they began to enquire what ſudden cauſe had produced them.

Mary-Jane, again diſſolving in tears, informed them minutely what had occurred. Henry, far from reproaching her, exerted his utmoſt efforts to ſtill the tumult of her fears;

fears; and Radmill, whoſe tender heart was not proof againſt her diſtreſs, vowed that, notwithſtanding their friendſhip of ſo many years, to affront Northcote the very firſt time they met.

This determination Mary-Jane was anxious if poſſible to ſuperſede, as ſuch an event would indeed make her miſerable; and at laſt ſucceeded in diſſuading him, and likewiſe obtained a promiſe, both from him and Henry, not to mention what ſhe had related to them, to any body, but to wait the opportunity when Northcote himſelf ſhould introduce the ſubject, to clear her from the odium of hypocriſy with which he had ſo ungraciouſly ſaluted her.

Mary-Jane, well pleaſed that her uſual candour had not been miſconſtrued, anxiouſly waited for the time when Northcote ſhould again pay them a viſit; and Henry, who, from the glimpſe he had had of the unknown, doubted not but he ſhould know

him again, reſolved if poſſible to obtain his name and character; this he the ſame day effected, for on deſcrying him, while purſuing a walk with Plagiary, and pointing him out, from him he learned the following account.

That his name was Barville, the eldeſt ſon of a Sir Benjamin Barville; was about thirty-eight years of age, and had, about thirteen years ago, paid his addreſſes to a rich citizen's daughter;—her father, flattered by the proſpect of his Maria hereafter being diſtinguiſhed by the title of Lady Barville, encouraged his ſuit; and though he knew Mr. Barville's father to be exceſſively poor, this he determined ſhould be no obſtacle to their union; and Maria diſplaying no particular averſion to accede to his wiſhes, they were ſoon after united.

The day after their marriage, Barville received, as his wife's dowry, ſeventy thouſand pounds, and four years after, his father-in-

law

law paying the debt of nature, and Maria being his only child, he received eighty thouſand pounds more. But notwithſtanding the immenſe wealth he obtained through the medium of his wife, no ſooner was the channel from whence it proceeded drained, and he had nothing more to expect, than he left her with four children, to ſubſiſt upon what had been ſecured to her in her own right, which however did not exceed ſix hundred pounds annually; for ſo totally had her father been blinded by the aſſumed virtues which he imagined inherent in Barville, that he left him the whole of his property, excluſive of the trifle above mentioned, to diſpoſe of in whatever way he choſe, as moſt congenial with his own feelings.

Barville took an elegantly furniſhed houſe in Pall-Mall, and ſeduced the wife of a Mr. Sellworth, then his moſt intimate friend, whom he ran through the body by way of making him amends for the injury he had done him; for this, however, he was

tried for his life, but Sellworth having ſent the challenge, Barville was acquitted. He and Mrs. Sellworth for ſome time cohabited together; her, however, he at laſt diſcarded, and from that time to the preſent his life had been ſpent in a continued round of debauchery and intemperance; that he was deſpiſed and execrated by all who knew him, and reſpected by none. His father, whom, ſince his marriage, he had totally neglected, was at the point of death; and he hourly expected, not to inherit his wealth, for he had but little to bequeath, but his title, and to commit freſh atrocities when dignified by the honorary diſtinction of Sir Francis Barville.

Henry ſhuddered with horror that ſuch a monſter of depravity was ſuffered to exiſt; and, much as he had before condemned Northcote for his harſh conduct toward Mary-Jane, inwardly put up a prayer for his preſervation, and determined, in the warmth of his heart, to riſk offending him by perſonally

ſonally returning him his moſt ſincere acknowledgments for his kind, though apparent rudeneſs, the very firſt opportunity.

On his return home, he communicated to Radmill and Mary-Jane what he had learned from Plagiary. Mary-Jane trembled exceſſively, and falling on her knees, fervently thanked the Almighty Ruler that, by his divine intervention, ſhe had been reſcued from the ſin of liſtening to one, whoſe atrocities muſt reflect diſhonour and contempt upon all who were diſcovered in his company; and the then unwiſhed-for preſence of Northcote now appeared to her as an agent ſent from heaven to free her from the polluted breath of guilt.

Radmill himſelf was horror-ſtruck, and though but a ſhort time before he had vowed to offend Northcote the firſt time they met, he was now more than ever endeared to him; and he bleſſed that rigidity he before had loudly blamed, as it was but

adopted to preſerve his darling Mary-Jane, the poor orphan for whom he had an oath in heaven never to forſake, and who, with Henry, ſhared equally his tendereſt regard.

Mary-Jane, who now only waited for an opportunity to come to an explanation, and to pour forth her thanks to Northcote, ſoon regained her ſerenity of mind; and Radmill, when diſcourſing on the villanies of Barville had gradually died away, recovered his uſual gaiety and garrulity. The converſation reverting to general ſubjects, he ſuddenly exclaimed—

"Rot it, Henry, I declare I had nearly forgotten the invitation we this morning received from Sir Watkin Beverly, to whom we were introduced by Plagiary, to ſpend this evening with him at his houſe in Pavilion-Parade;—what ſay you, Mary-Jane? We have now been almoſt a fortnight in this place without extending the circle of our acquaintance; and as that was the principal

cipal motive for which we came, I think we ſhould not neglect the preſent opportunity.

Mary-Jane at that time would have felt it more grateful to her feelings to have deferred the viſit; but as it had ever been an invariable rule with her never to withhold an aſſent to whatever might afford the moſt diſtant pleaſure to her benefactor, ſhe without heſitation gave her moſt hearty concurrence.

Henry likewiſe felt himſelf much inclined to requeſt his father, for this time, to decline the invitation, and was actually upon the point of putting a negative upon it himſelf; but on perceiving a frown gathering upon Radmill's features, which would have vented itſelf in opprobrious expreſſions, ſuch as puppy, ſcoundrel, or ſomething elſe equally pleaſing to be greeted with, (and, after all, he knew, if Mary-Jane conſented,

he would remain firm and unſhaken, and follow the bent of his own inclination), he artfully concealed what he was about to ſay, and readily agreed to attend them; and for his pains, ſaw the countenance, which before was beginning to wax gloomy with diſpleaſure, brighten into a ſmile, and he was ſaluted with the grateful appellation of dear boy, for the ſtreſs he had put upon his inclination.

As the evening advanced, the moon in ſilent grandeur illumined the ocean, which flowed, unruffled by the breath of Boreas, ſerene and calm beneath. The induſtrious fiſhermen, ſeparating with their oars the liquid element, were haſtening to their nocturnal avocations, which, as the water foamed and bounded to the ſtroke, and gliſtening in the moon-beams, aſſumed a rich variety of colours; while the white fronts of the tall majeſtic cliffs, which appeared to confine the watery world within its proper limits,

limits, were, by the refulgence of the goddeſs of the night, edged and ſtreaked with ſilver, affording a ſpectacle more grand, ſublime, and beautiful than painting can expreſs, or pen deſcribe, and which the trio in the drawing-room on the Marine-Parade, had for ſome time been enjoying, when the carriage drove to the door that was to convey them to Sir Watkin Beverly's, in Pavilion Parade.

CHAP. XIII.

Pavilion Parade.

SIR WATKIN BEVERLY, at whoſe reſidence they ſoon arrived, was about ſixty years of age; his wife had died one year previous to his having obtained his title, which was granted him in the year 1789, for bearing an addreſs from the county wherein he reſided, congratulating his Majeſty on his happy recovery from a ſevere fit of illneſs, which had filled his ſubjects with the moſt heartfelt concern, leſt it ſhould prove fatal to his life, and deprive them of a

Sovereign, whoſe virtuous and lenient government had endeared him to his people.

Sir Watkin's father was an haberdaſher; and on his death the preſent Sir Watkin, being his eldeſt ſon, ſucceeded him in the buſineſs, in which, to do both of them juſtice, they had ever poſſeſſed the characters of being men of worth and principle; and in conſequence of the reſpect entertained for him by the town of which he was Mayor, Mr. Beverly was ſelected to bear the addreſs before mentioned, and which had procured him his title.

Having returned to his native reſidence no longer plain Mr. Beverly, but Sir Watkin, he conceived it derogatory to a Knight to continue in buſineſs, particularly as he had already amaſſed a ſufficiency to live in a ſtyle of elegance, by his former endeavours; therefore he quitted trade, and an only brother, who had for ſome time been an aſſiſtant to him, ſucceeded him in the ſhop.

Sir

Sir Watkin had no male iſſue; two daughters only, who were at this time both with him: the eldeſt, Eleanor, was juſt of age, and excluſive of what her father intended to beſtow upon her, a fortune of nearly three hundred pounds a-year had been recently left her by a maiden aunt; this gave Eleanor an air of ſuperiority over her ſiſter Eliza, who was four years younger, about the age of Mary-Jane, and in figure and amiableneſs of manners much reſembled her; while Eleanor was haughty, proud, moroſe, vindictive, and though remarkably plain in her perſon, conceived herſelf, both in mental and perſonal accompliſhments, not only ſuperior to her ſiſter, but to the whole creation beſide.

A Mr. Barncombe, who had been in the habit of viſiting the family, and knowing Sir Watkin could beſtow ſomething handſome upon each of his daughters, once betrayed ſome little inclination to pay his addreſſes to Eliza, until Eleanor becoming miſtreſs

miſtreſs of the three hundred a year, by the death of her aunt, he wiſely altered his intention, and became her profeſſed admirer.

Eleanor, though ſhe had no particular partiality for Barncombe, felt gratified that ſhe had deprived Eliza of her lover; it flattered her vanity, and ſhe ſecretly determined that, in caſe a Peer, ſmitten by her charms, laid not his title and fortune at her feet, at ſome future period, for Barncombe's good taſte, judgment, and diſcrimination, to reward him with her hand.

Eliza, to whom his former attention had been extremely diſagreeable, was happy in being releaſed from his too pointed regard, and envied not her ſiſter the conqueſt ſhe had made.

Sir Watkin, who was himſelf a ſlave to the tyrannical temper of Eleanor, never ventured to contradict or to thwart her wiſhes in any ſhape; for he conceived that when

when eaſe and comfort could be obtained by ſubmitting to thoſe we have a right to command, a man muſt be a fool to ſtand up for a prerogative which might endanger that tranquillity it behoved him to preſerve.

Eliza, however, made him ample amends; docile and ſubmiſſive, her only anxiety was leſt he was not ſo happy as her affectionate heart would have had him: and Sir Watkin, though he dared not to avow it in the preſence of Eleanor, yet his countenance, ſpite of himſelf, would often indicate that he loved her before any earthly being beſide.

Radmill, Henry, and Mary-Jane, on their arrival, found a large party aſſembled, the moſt of whom were amuſing themſelves at the card-tables; Sir Watkin gave them a moſt cordial reception, ſhook hands with Radmill and Henry, with a wiſh that they might be better acquainted, then introduced them to the company, while Eliza paid every attention to Mary-Jane. Eleanor conceived

conceived it beneath her to pay any particular regard to the family of a dryſalter (as Plagiary, who by dint of flattery and adulation, of which he was a complete maſter, had gained her good graces, and had given her the whole hiſtory of them, not forgetting the ſtory of Mary-Jane, ſo far as he was acquainted with it, the day before), with a ſlight nod, as ſhe was dealing the cards, conveyed to them, that though they were honoured in being conſidered of the party, hoped they would not forget the deference due to their ſuperiors.

Radmill and Henry, on being ſolicited by Sir Watkin, joined the card parties, which Mary-Jane declined; for having diſcovered already in Eliza, ſentiment and feeling congenial with her own, and Eliza being equally pleaſed with Mary-Jane, they had no wiſh to be ſeparated, that they ſoon became as firmly attached to each other as if they had been acquainted for years.

Mary-

Mary-Jane, almoſt a ſtranger to every one preſent, was too intereſting a figure to eſcape a number of enquiries, by the gentlemen in particular, when they could make them without being obſerved, or accuſed of rudeneſs; ſuch as who ſhe was? how long Sir Watkin had known her? &c. And ſome of them reaching the ears of Eleanor, who envied her the admiration ſhe had raiſed, ſhe became ſedulous in acquainting them that ſhe was the daughter of ſome poor wretches whom nobody knew any thing about, only that they had been ſtarved to death in the ſtreets; and that Radmill, finding Mary-Jane in a moſt deplorable ſituation, had, to rob Henry of his right, adopted her, and cheated the world of a good houſe or kitchen-maid, in which ſphere Providence had at firſt rightly ordained ſhe ſhould move.

This, with the major part of the interrogators, who had little to boaſt but that their friends were born before them, produced that expreſſion in their features indicating conſcious

conſcious ſuperiority in themſelves, and contempt of Mary-Jane; while with a diſcerning few, for it was ſoon made general, reſpect and veneration for Radmill, and friendſhip and ſympathy for the poor orphan.

Nothing, however, was uttered loud enough to hurt the ſenſibility of Mary-Jane; every thing went pleaſantly on until ſome of them, rendered fractious by their loſſes, began to expreſs their diſappointments.

"I vow and proteſt," exclaimed Lady Dreadnought, to whoſe lot Radmill had fallen for a partner, "I never ſaw ſuch ſhocking play in my life.—Good God! Mr. what is your name—it is morally impoſſible we ſhould win!—I never had ſuch a ſucceſſion of bad luck, and all owing to your intolerable play—I declare it is downright inſupportable."

Radmill, who underſtood very little of the game, begged to decline play; but the rubber

rubber not being finiſhed, this was objected to, and the next deal terminating much in his favour, Lady Dreadnought did him the juſtice to obſerve that he had profited by her rebuke, and had really become more attentive to his cards; but the next round finiſhing the game to their diſadvantage, Radmill was again obliged to hear himſelf accuſed as the cauſe of it. This was too much, and more than in any degree of temper he could brook, wherefore he loudly vociferated—

"Rot it, Madam—my Lady, I only play for amuſement, and when it proves the reverſe, it is a rule with me to leave off.—Zounds! do you take me for a ſoldier, and obliged to liſten to the word of command?"

Lady Dreadnought, ſurpriſed at this fierce retort, turned her eyes toward Eleanor, who was ſitting at the next table, and ejaculated, juſt loud enough for her only to hear—

"Oh

"Oh the brute!"

Eleanor ſmiled, and ſeemed gratified that her ideas of the dryſalter were ſimilar to her own.

Mary-Jane began to be a little alarmed, and Henry ſat not ſo eaſy in his chair as he had hitherto done; but, however, ſome others of the party becoming equally violent, and wondering how people who underſtood ſo little of the game, ſhould ſit down to loſe their partner's money as well as their own, relieved them from part of their apprehenſions; and Radmill was much conſoled that there were thoſe in the room as unpleaſantly ſituated as himſelf.

Radmill quitted his ſituation as ſoon as he could conſiſtently with good manners, and with Sir Watkin, who did the ſame, enjoyed a cheerful converſation, in which Mary-Jane and Eliza joined, until a ſervant entering and announcing the ſupper to be in

in readineſs, the cards were immediately reſigned, and they all adjourned to the ſupper-room, apparently as good friends as if they had been all winners.

They ſat down to a cold but an elegant entertainment; and Radmill, it being the firſt time he had ever ſeen a table laid out in ſuch ſtyle, was all aſtoniſhment.

The ſupper ended, moſt of them again flew to the card-tables, to which Radmill and Henry, not finding themſelves again inclined to reſort, they, with Mary-Jane, who took an affectionate farewel of Eliza, ſoon after departed, and about two o'clock in the morning were conveyed to their own reſidence, but not without making many remarks, when ſeated by themſelves in the carriage, upon the various occurrences of the evening.

" Rot it," obſerved Radmill, " I never ſaw ſuch a terrible brow-beating vixen in my

my life as that Lady Dreadnought, whoſe curſed officiouſneſs, while at ſupper, ſet all my teeth to dancing by prevailing upon me to taſte that confounded ice, cold enough to have frozen the devil.—Sir Watkin is a liberal hearted fellow, and I ſhould like to be better acquainted with him."

" And Eliza," ſaid Mary-Jane, " is an angel."

" Eliza's well enough," anſwered Radmill; " but rot me if I admire her ſiſter."

" Were you ſucceſsful, Sir," interrogated Henry, " at the whiſt-table ?"

" Rot it, no," replied Radmill, " I loſt two guineas, and got myſelf abuſed in the bargain. The money I ſhould not have minded, had it been ten times the ſum;—and but for that female fury, ſhould have been very comfortable."

" Eliza," ſaid Mary-Jane, wiſhing to change the diſcourſe, " has promiſed to call upon me in the morning;—I anticipate much pleaſure from her acquaintance, and, ſhould it meet with your approbation, we intend

intend to viſit the Theatre together to-morrow evening."

Radmill gave his aſſent, and, with Henry, promiſed to accompany them.

The carriage ſtopping at their door, put an end to their converſation; and they ſhortly after retiring to their reſpective apartments, were ſoon faſt locked in the downy pinions of Morpheus.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIV.

The fruitleſs Enquiry—and a Viſit to the Theatre.

EARLY on the following day, Eliza performed the promiſe ſhe had made to Mary-Jane, and again their proteſtations of friendſhip were renewed. Radmill and Henry were quite charmed with her, and Eliza became ſo well pleaſed with them, that ſhe requeſted, during their reſidence in Brighton at leaſt, that they might ſpend as much of their time together as they could poſſibly find opportunities.

Sir Watkin, Eliza informed them, intended doing himſelf the pleaſure of viſiting the Theatre with them; but that Eleanor being engaged, with Mr. Barncombe, to ſpend the evening at Lady Dreadnought's, which invitation Sir Watkin and herſelf had declined, it would not be in her power to be of their party.

This was a piece of intelligence Mary-Jane was by no means ſorry to hear; and Radmill and Henry, as common politeneſs rendered it neceſſary, were inſincere enough to expreſs regret that they muſt be deprived of the pleaſure of Miſs Beverly's and Mr. Barncombe's preſence.

Eliza, after continuing with them nearly two hours, took her leave, firſt requeſting that, as one carriage was ſufficiently commodious, without inconvenience, to contain the whole party, they would permit Sir Watkin to call upon them, and convey them

to the Theatre in his. Matters being thus arranged, ſhe departed.

Plagiary ſoon after calling upon them, enquiries were made whether he had lately ſeen Northcote; and, as they had now particular reaſons for wiſhing to ſee him, were much diſappointed when he acquainted them that he had not ſeen him ſince he had parted with him in company with themſelves.

"Suppoſe," he continued, "we pay him a viſit;—he has twice or thrice called upon you, and probably expects it."

This advice they had no objection to follow; but then the difficulty aroſe how to find his lodging, as he had never condeſcended to inform them of it. Plagiary gave it as his opinion that he had ſettled himſelf at one of the boarding-houſes; at any rate, he obſerved, if they wiſhed to find him, there could be nothing wrong in enquiring at them; and, ſhould their

enquiries prove fruitleſs, they would enjoy their walk, and have it in their power, when next they ſaw him, of evincing to him that his viſits not being returned, proceeded not from any want of reſpect towards him.

Though Radmill well knew that Northcote would much rather have diſpenſed with this manner of proceeding, yet, as he much wiſhed to have the affair with Mary-Jane and Barville entirely made known to him, he heſitated not to comply with Plagiary's advice; and they immediately ſet forward, with the intention, ſhould they not meet him in their walk, to viſit every boarding-houſe in the place.

Than Brighton, no place is better furniſhed with genteel receptions of this kind; and, from the judicious manner in which they are conducted, the pleaſantneſs of their ſituations, either commanding a view of the Steine, or a beautiful and extenſive proſpect of the ocean, ſome of the firſt company reſort

reſort to them; and, from the liberal treatment, attention, and reſpect they experience from the proprietors, generally make them, if their families are ſmall enough to admit of it, their ſummer's reſidence.

The inns, likewiſe, are fitted up in a ſuperior ſtyle of elegance rarely to be met with in the country, the principal of which are, the Caſtle, the Old Ship, the New Inn, the New Ship, the White Horſe, and the Star and Garter. The two former have each ſuperb ball and card-rooms; aſſemblies are alternately held at each houſe; the nights, uſually diſtinguiſhed as ball-nights, are held at the Caſtle on Mondays, and at the Old Ship on Thurſdays, on which evenings they are in general numerouſly attended.

In ſhort, Brighton altogether has been rendered by its inhabitants ſo complete, and the places of amuſement ſo well adapted and diverſified to ſuit the taſte of every one,

that thoſe who viſit them are rarely known to quit them diſſatisfied.

To return to our ſtory.—In vain were enquiries made to diſcover the reſidence of the eccentric Northcote; when arriving at the laſt boarding-houſe they had to call at, in which they met with the ſame ſucceſs they had encountered at the others, Plagiary being known to a perſon there, he and his friends were politely invited to walk in: this, as they were nearly tired with walking, they conſented to do. They had ſeated themſelves but a few minutes in the parlour, when ſome perſons in loud diſcourſe in the adjoining room, which Plagiary's friend informed them was appropriated for hair-dreſſing, attracted their attention, more particularly Radmill's, as the voice of one of them he imagined he had heard before, but where or when he could not recollect.

"Well now," exclaimed one of them, "am I not the tippy, the kick, the daſher?

Crops

Crops are all the Jemmy now you know, and give a man infinitely more the appearance of a gemman than when bedizened out with a ſtiff queue, like a French dancing-maſter.—What ſay you, Mr. Frizeur? of courſe you muſt be a bit of a judge in thoſe matters."

"Why, Sir," he replied, "as I am much in the habit of ſpeaking my real ſentiments when my advice or opinion are required, and often unfortunately offend thoſe whom, on the ſcore of intereſt, it behoves me to pleaſe, poſſibly, in the preſent inſtance, I may not prove more ſucceſsful, ſhould I addreſs you with my uſual candour."

"Oh never fear me, ſpeak freely;—what, offended when you but comply with my own requeſt—I am not ſuch a cake.—Come, let me hear your real opinion reſpecting the appearance of cropped nobs. Are they not eaſy, elegant, convenient, and faſhionable? and a body may as well be out of the world as out of the faſhion; ſurely you would adviſe a man to appear like the reſt of the creation."

"I would not adviſe a gentleman to launch into extremes, or to make an aſs of himſelf, even though it ſhould be the faſhion."

"So then, in your wiſe eſtimation, the preſent ſyſtem of head-ſhaving is mighty ridiculous?"

"Moſt aſſuredly, Sir; a head, without a moderate portion of hair, poſſeſſes a deficiency, as obvious to be perceived as a coat without buttons."

"Compariſons are odious:—a coat without buttons, and be——explain yourſelf, Sir!"

"Nothing more eaſy: the buttons are certainly an eſſential ornament to the coat, and without them it would appear whimſical and abſurd; and equally ſo, in my opinion, does a ſhaved head without a wig."

"What am I indebted to you?—There, Sir, take it; and the only recompence you can make me for ſuch conſummate impudence, is by never ſhewing me your face again."

Saying

Saying theſe words, the offended perſon haſtened from the dreſſing-room, and entered the parlour where Radmill and his friends had overheard every word that had paſſed, exclaiming to himſelf as he entered—

" The dog, to tell me to my face that my head appears as ridiculous without a tail as coat would without buttons!"

It was not in the power of nature to reſiſt laughter as the half dreſſed ſpark entered the room; with Radmill and Henry it conſiderably increaſed, when in the enraged beau they again diſcovered Jeſſamy, who obtaining a glimpſe of Henry, the violence of his paſſion became in an inſtant ſuperſeded by fear, not doubting but this viſit had been made purpoſely to call him to an account for his former inſolence; therefore, not daring to encounter him, he turned ſuddenly round upon his heel, left the room, and darted up ſtairs.

Nothing beyond the laugh, which was inſtantaneous and irreſiſtible, paſſed at the expence of Jeſſamy; for Plagiary's friend, who was in every ſenſe a man of worth and principle, could not have reconciled it to himſelf to have ſpoken diſreſpectfully of any perſon, particularly one who dined at the ſame table with him. Could he with propriety have ſaid any thing to his advantage, Jeſſamy had not wanted his ſupport; therefore, as he could not make him conſpicuous for his virtues, his follies by him remained undiſturbed, for, as was his uſual method under ſuch circumſtances, he ſaid nothing, and Jeſſamy by all of them was ſoon forgot.

Radmill, much diſappointed in his ſearch after Northcote, now propoſed walking home, and they ſhortly after regained the Marine-Parade; here Plagiary left them, having refuſed an invitation to dine with them, but promiſed to meet them in the evening at the Theatre.

Mary-

Mary-Jane was more grieved than Radmill at their bad ſucceſs; but conſoling herſelf with the idea that it was by no means improbable that Northcote himſelf might call upon them in the courſe of the afternoon, or ſome time on the next day, ſhe recovered her ſpirits, and wiſely determined patiently to await until he gave her an opportunity of converſing with him.

"De bells ring merrily," ſaid a fiſherman to his aſſociate, as they paſſed them. "It is always a holiday with us here when de Prince of Wales arrives."

"Dat it ſartenly is," rejoined the other; "and he not only makes us jolly at dis time of de year, God bleſs him! but he feeds de hungry in de winter, when dey are deprived of de means to feed demſelves."

"This indeed," obſerved Radmill, "is true praiſe.—Heaven proſper him who has the virtue to deſerve it! They ſpeak from the genuine impulſe of the heart, which ever prompts the tribute of applauſe to exalted

worth, ſuch as the oſtentatious and vain-glorious never can inſpire."—Then turning his face toward the honeſt fiſhermen, though they were then without hearing, he exclaimed, "Long may you, by upright conduct, ſteady allegiance to your King, and good wiſhes toward your country, merit the protection of the object of your preſent eulogium."

They ſoon after reached their reſidence; the afternoon paſſed away; ſeven o'clock came, and Sir Watkin Beverly's carriage, with Sir Watkin and Eliza, drove to the door.

Radmill, Henry, and Mary-Jane were ſoon with them; and Sir Watkin having taken the precaution to ſecure good places, were ſoon all comfortably ſeated in one of the ſide boxes at the Theatre.

The play was Mrs. Inchbald's admirable comedy of "Every One has his Fault." The diſtreſſed ſituation therein ſo feelingly depicted

depicted of Lady Eleanor and Captain Irwin, had ſuch an effect on Mary-Jane, who could not help reflecting, at the moment, on the fate of the authors of her being, that the big round tears trickled from her eyes in quick ſucceſſion.

Henry, perceiving her ſo much overcome, perſuaded her to retire for a few minutes into the lobby; he was himſelf not entirely devoid of ſome painfully pleaſing ſenſations which the drama had excited; it being performed with that juſt diſcrimination and feeling, calculated to make it ſpeak home to the heart, particularly the characters of Lady Eleanor, by Mrs. King; Captain Irwin, by Mr. Phillips; Edward, by Miſs Diddear; and the inflexible Lord Norland by Mr. King, as would have done honour to any fabric dedicated to Thalia and Melpomene in Europe. Nor were many of the other parts leſs ably ſupported, as Mrs. Wilmot's Spinſter, and Mate's Solus, afforded ample teſtimony.

Sir

Sir Watkin, Radmill, and Eliza, judging from the effect the repreſentation of the piece had upon themſelves, the motive that had induced Henry and Mary-Jane to withdraw, conceived it moſt prudent not to accompany them.

They had ſcarcely returned to the box when an alarm of fire was given; and a blaze burſting out at the ſame time in the lobby, filled them with the moſt lively apprehenſions for their ſafety.

In an inſtant the Theatre was in the moſt violent confuſion, every one terrified leſt the conflagration ſhould extend itſelf ſo rapidly, that their lives might be endangered ere they could reach the ſtreet.

Henry and Radmill beſtowing their attention upon Mary-Jane, Sir Watkin being with Eliza, they followed the example of others, and ſoon were without the building. But Mary-Jane and Eliza, ſpite of their efforts

efforts to prevent it, were, in the general buſtle and conſternation, ſeparated from them.

The voice of the Manager was now heard, aſſuring the ladies and gentlemen that they had nothing to fear, and that the alarm had been occaſioned by the fall of one of the lamps in the box-lobby; but that the blaze of the oil, which had ſo terrified them, had been almoſt immediately extinguiſhed.

Thus ſatisfied that the danger was over, the major part of his auditors returned to the places they had ſo precipitately fled from; while Sir Watkin, Radmill, and Henry were ſearching for Eliza and Mary-Jane.

They were not long ere they deſcried Eliza, but Mary-Jane was no where to be found.

Radmill

Radmill became extremely uneaſy; they were now at the entrance of the Theatre, when Henry thus addreſſed him.

"Do not make yourſelf uneaſy, Sir; it is impoſſible ſhe can be far off, and if you will wait here, I will ſeek for her by myſelf; moſt probably ſhe is ſtill without, and then we will return to the box together."

To this he readily conſented, and Henry again examined the front of the building, but no Mary-Jane could he find; he enquired of the coachmen, who had already begun to aſſemble with their carriages, if they had perceived a lady, deſcribing Mary-Jane, and in what manner ſhe was dreſſed, retire from the Theatre. Some of them obſerved that they had ſeen ſeveral, but whether any one of them was the perſon he ſought, was more than they could declare; and another quaintly remarked, that all dreſſes being alike in the dark, it was impoſſible

poſſible by that particularly to have diſtinguiſhed her.

Henry, chagrined and alarmed at theſe anſwers, returned to his friends, who were ſtill waiting for him, and informed them how unſucceſsful he had been; but begged them to continue where they were until he had ſearched the upper boxes, not willing to give over the ſearch while there yet remained a probability of finding her.

In no place could he perceive her; in vain with his eyes did he ſearch for her even in the pit and the ſhilling gallery, as from the upper boxes he could obtain a diſtinct view of every perſon in all parts of the houſe, which but evinced to him that Mary-Jane was ſtill without.

More diſconcerted, he again joined his father, who, trembling with fear leſt ſomething bad had happened, though of what nature he could not conjecture, he urged him

him a ſecond time more accurately to examine the ſtreet.

Henry, purſuant to this advice, a third time left him almoſt ſinking beneath the accumulating horrors of ſuſpenſe, and every part of the ſtreet minutely, but fruitleſſly, inveſtigated. He was again proceeding toward him, when Sir Watkin Beverly's carriage paſſed him, it being now the time the coachman had received orders to attend them at the Theatre;—he called loudly to him to ſtop his horſes, which he immediately did. Henry then informed the footman who attended with it, of the extraordinary manner in which they had loſt Mary-Jane, and with him commenced another reſearch. Again were the coachmen interrogated, and again was Henry obliged to endure the moſt cruel diſappointment.

In ſhort, Henry at laſt returned again to his father, and acquainted him how unſucceſsful

ceſsful he had been, and waited for him to adviſe what farther could be done.

Radmill, in the delirium of deſpair, ruſhed from them to ſeek for her himſelf; but his endeavours proved not more fortunate than Henry's. Sir Watkin at laſt, with many perſuaſions, prevailed upon them to aſcend the coach, and proceed to his houſe, as it was by no means improbable that Mary-Jane had haſtened thither without them.

Radmill, a little revived by this faint ſpark of hope, ſuffered himſelf to be conveyed to Sir Watkin's reſidence in Pavilion Parade; but no one there had ſeen or heard any thing of Mary-Jane; from thence they proceeded to Radmill's, on the Marine Parade, where they likewiſe received nearly the ſame anſwers.

Radmill now became almoſt raving mad, nor was Henry hardly more conſiſtent. The coach, however, was ordered to return with the

the trembling Eliza to Pavilion Parade, whilſt Sir Watkin, Radmill, Henry, and Radmill's ſervants, went different roads in queſt of Mary-Jane.

CHAP. XV.

LETTER III.

Mr. Northcote to Mrs. Mowbray.

"I DID not imagine it poſſible, when I laſt wrote to you, that any occurrence, however diſguſting and unpleaſant, could make my life more wretched, more miſerable, more painfully inſupportable, more fraught with

with anguiſh, diſcontent, and inquietude than I at that time felt it.—But I have been deceived:—Mary-Jane has deceived me—that Mary-Jane, whom I raſhly conceived to be all angelic purity—all excellence—every thing that could enſure eſteem, reſpect, and veneration from the good and virtuous.—I once prevented her liſtening to the profane diſcourſe of a reptile by the name of Barville; I afterwards obſerved, in her preſence, that he was a ſcoundrel;—ſhe ſeemed terrified, and I hoped my words had made that impreſſion on her heart I intended, for her ſafety, they ſhould;—but I was duped—moſt egregiouſly duped, for the next day I again ſaw them together—ſaw them publicly together;—and from that moment vowed never to ſpeak, or, if poſſible, think of Mary-Jane more, but from the very bottom of my ſoul to deſpiſe her. Notwithſtanding this half-formed reſolution, every fibre of my heart quivered with anguiſh when Radmill, this day, deſpair and wildneſs in his looks, told me that Mary-Jane

Jane ſince the preceding night had been miſſing!—My amiable friend, it is impoſſible for you to conceive the innumerable pains with which this information afflicted me; yet I expected, from the ſecond time I diſcovered Mary-Jane with that helliſh fiend, ſhe would entail miſery, not only upon herſelf, but on all who felt intereſted in her welfare: I ſaid as much to Radmill, though it was cruel to augment his ſufferings.—I have ſeen him once ſince, pale, melancholy, and nearly heart-broken, but my feelings were too much in uniſon with his to offer him any conſolation; for Mary-Jane occupied a ſpace in our affections, which ſo ſuddenly to be rendered a vacuum is terrible.—Barville left Brighton laſt night likewiſe—I knew I was right.—Oh that I had him at this moment within my graſp, I'd daſh his ſoul into eternity, and rid the earth of a miſcreant, though I mounted the ſcaffold, and, by an ignoble death, received the reward of my temerity!

" Of Barville's character and conduct, which have come within my knowledge, at preſent you are ignorant ;—take it, read it, and drop a tear for the poor loſt Mary-Jane!

" He is the ſon of a worthy Baronet, who at this period lies at the point of death, and with whom, for many years, I have been intimately acquainted. His ſon I have known from childhood ; and from the malign and inſidious conduct which he ever adopted to extricate himſelf from boyiſh troubles, at an early age evinced to me the depravity of his heart.

" At the age of twenty-two, his father purchaſed him a commiſſion in the army, which he but received to diſpoſe of again, even without joining the regiment ; and not until the whole of the ſum was expended in intemperance, did his father behold him again.

" But to relate to you the whole of his atrocities would ſwell a volume ; I ſhall therefore merely confine myſelf to thoſe, in which I may add I have been intereſted ; for what

what diſtreſſed my friends ever proved a ſource of uneaſineſs to myſelf.

" It is now fifteen years ſince, that purſuing one of my annual perambulations through Somerſetſhire, I was induced to call upon a Mr. Knightley, for he is one of my oldeſt friends; we were ſchoolfellows together, and a better man I never knew.—On my entering his dwelling, I was much ſurpriſed to behold him and his family in mourning. He had, when I before viſited him, a wife and ſix children, all as amiable as their father; a preſentiment told me that ſome of them were no more, and Knightley ſoon after informed me that their eldeſt daughter, about ſeventeen years of age, the joy and pride of their fond hearts, they had but a few hours before followed to an untimely grave!—Maria had been a favourite of mine, and ſo unexpectedly to loſe her, brought tears into my eyes; but my ſenſations were rendered doubly acute when I learned the melancholy particulars of her death, and that a villain had been the occaſion

of

of a cataſtrophe almoſt too terrible to relate, and that villain no other than the infamous Barville. With Sir Benjamin, his father, who reſided but a ſhort diſtance from Knightley's, Knightley was on friendly terms; he reſpected him becauſe he was virtuous, and his ſon was ever a welcome viſiter at his houſe.—Little did he ſuſpect the viper he was nouriſhing in his boſom, would ſting him to death—little did he imagine that a ſon of the good Sir Benjamin would bring his grey hairs with ſorrow to the grave.

" Barville, for ſome time, ſeemed much attached to Maria; Knightley with pleaſure obſerved it, particularly as his addreſſes were not indifferently received by Maria:—Knightley had even hinted his ſuſpicion to Sir Benjamin of his ſon's partiality to his daughter; and as it was in his power to give her a tolerable fortune, Sir Benjamin was by no means diſpleaſed at the intelligence. A few weeks after this, Maria one evening returning from a walk with Barville, whom ſhe already began to conſider as a man who

would ſhortly become her huſband, appeared diſordered and unhappy; her father enquired what had cauſed ſuch a ſudden revolution in her ſpirits, as but an hour before he had ſeen her cheerful and contented. Her only reply was, as ſhe ruſhed precipitately from him—'Barville is a villain!—Thank God, ere it was too late, I have diſcovered the depravity of his heart!'

"Her father, horror-ſtruck, followed, and inſiſted upon being made acquainted with what had ſo much diſturbed her; and Maria at laſt informed him that Barville had inſulted her by the baſeſt of all propoſals; that he had acknowledged it was out of his power to marry her, as he had already contracted himſelf to a citizen's daughter, whoſe immenſe wealth, he confeſſed, had been his ſole inducement, but which only could be of value as his Maria ſhared it with him. He then urged her to elope with him, obſerving that the wealth he would make over to her, ſhould even ſilence the ſcruples of her father. The innocent ſoul of

of Maria ſhuddered as ſhe liſtened to the miſcreant; her ſenſes for a few moments forſook her, and ſhe ſunk into his arms; he, imagining ſhe acceded to his wiſhes, and overjoyed that he had ſo eaſily effected his purpoſe, imprinted her lips with a kiſs of rapturous thanks; this quickly reſtored her to life and reaſon, when tearing herſelf from him, ſpite of all his efforts to detain her, and ruſhing into the houſe, ſhe encountered her father.

" Knightley, maddened with rage, left her, and went in queſt of Barville; but he, ſuſpecting what would happen, was already on his journey to London; and his marriage ſoon after, with the citizen's daughter, was announced in the papers.

" Poor Knightley and his wife were now ſedulous in their endeavours to eradicate the impreſſion Barville had formerly made on the heart of Maria; and though from her laſt interview with him, ſhe could not think of him but with abhorrence, yet the diſappoint-

ment ſhe had experienced, weighed heavy at her heart.

" Some weeks elapſed, and ſhe ſeemed partly to have regained her former ſpirits, when complaining one evening of being rather indiſpoſed, ſhe retired to her chamber earlier than uſual; and on the ſubſequent morning, on her mother's viſiting her apartment to enquire after the ſtate of her health, what pen can delineate her feelings, when ſhe beheld her daughter a lifeleſs corpſe!

" Knightley, alarmed by the ſcreams of his wife, hurried to the room, and beheld the melancholy ſpectacle. His wife had fallen inanimate by the bed-ſide;—he quickly ſummoned his houſehold to his aſſiſtance; a phyſician was ſoon procured, his wife was ſhortly reſtored to him, but Maria was gone for ever!—She had been dead apparently ſome hours, and, to heighten the accumulating horrors of her parents, he pronounced her to have died by poiſon.

" To

"To deſcribe minutely the ſufferings of this unhappy family, would be unneceſſarily to pain your ſympathizing heart, which I know already bleeds for them.—That Maria, rendered deſperate by the inhuman treatment ſhe had experienced from Barville, had committed an act of ſuicide, appeared too obvious to them all, though the particulars of her fate, myſelf and the phyſician excepted, never till now tranſpired beyond themſelves.

"I had left Knightley near ſix months, when chance conducted me to Bath, where I accidentally met with Barville; he came up to me, and addreſſed me with all the familiarity of an old acquaintance.—My blood boiled within me as I beheld him, when, to ſome impertinent enquiries he was making, I ſternly replied—'You have heard, I preſume, of the death of Maria Knightley? or is it to me you are indebted for the welcome information?"—He ſtarted; the colour forſook his lips, his countenance aſſumed

a deathlike hue, every limb trembled with guilt as he tottered from my preſence.

" Barville, from that time, avoids me—he ſhuns me as he would a peſtilence, and ſhudders with guilty apprehenſions when we caſually meet; which emotions, though I plainly perceive he ſtrives to ſubdue, yet he cannot overcome. So abject vice makes us, when convinced our iniquities are no longer concealed by the veil of ſecrecy.

" Some few years after my rencounter with him at Bath, I learned that, having ſeduced the wife of his friend, and murdered her huſband for preſuming to diſapprove his conduct, he had abſconded from his family, and lived publicly with her, until ſatiated, not repentant of his crime, he abandoned her for other enjoyments which wanted not the pleaſure of variety to recommend them.

" This fiend, poſſeſſing a fair outſide, though all is black as ſin within, I much fear has won the affections of Mary-Jane—has

has ſeduced her from her duty—has torn her from the paternal protection of Radmill—has——Paſſion enervates my arm, that I can ſcarcely guide my pen.—I'll ſeek for him—I'll annihilate him—I'll tread him out of exiſtence, or periſh myſelf.—Mary-Jane ſhall——But what is Mary-Jane to me?—I muſt endeavour to forget her, for ſhe is no longer worthy of my regard.

CHAP. XVI.

The unexpected Departure.

CONTEMPLATING the golden ſpangles of morning as they expanded themſelves over the watery waſte, to Radmill, ſince his arrival at Brighton, had proved a ſource of ineffable enjoyment—it gladdened and exhilarated his ſoul; but the morning ſucceeding his loſing Mary-Jane, was the riſing luminary of day, which ſeemed to ſpread univerſal cheerfulneſs, for the firſt time viewed with feelings the reverſe; for as Aurora brightened the eaſtern horizon, it but reminded him that Mary-Jane, after ſo many hours' abſence, might have been conveyed

veyed many miles away, and poſſibly he ſhould never behold her any more.

Nor was Henry hardly leſs affected than his father. He felt, for the firſt time, that the preſence of Mary-Jane was eſſential to his peace; he knew not what to do, or how to conſole his father, being ſo much in need of it himſelf.

They had been for ſome time together in the breakfaſt room; the tea equipage as uſual was laid out, but not a cup or a ſaucer was touched by either of them. Radmill, with perturbed paces, was walking about the room; his heart ſeemed almoſt burſting, big drops gathered in his eyes, and trickled down his cheeks; while Henry, wounded to the heart with grief as he witneſſed the agony of his father, made an effort to ſpeak comfort, and ſtill the tumult that was raging within him; but utterance was for ſome time denied;—at laſt he ejaculated, taking him by the hand—

"My dear Sir, do not thus deſpond—for my ſake, endeavour to compoſe yourſelf—it wounds me to the ſoul to ſee you thus unhappy.—Mary-Jane may be in a place of ſafety—a few hours, perhaps, and Providence may reſtore her to us."

"Never, never," ſaid Radmill, "will theſe eyes behold her more. No more will ſhe beguile the heavy hours of their length, and make me think the days too ſhort when liſtening to her.—My poor Mary-Jane, miſery terminated the life of her parents, and its baleful influence may ſink in duſt their poor orphan;—ſhe has now no friends, no home, nor any one that will intereſt himſelf in her behalf, and guard her from the ſnares of the wicked, as I would have done;—and, miſerable man that I am, I ſhall never behold her more!"

A loud rap at the door brought both of them to the window; it was the poſtboy. Hope once more revifited them.

"Oh!

"Oh! ſhould it be from Mary-Jane!" Radmill exclaimed, forgetting that the ſhort time ſhe had been abſent would hardly admit of her writing.

He followed Henry to the door; he ſaw him receive a letter, and inſtantly break it open; but no ſooner had his eyes glanced over its contents than he ſpeedily refolded it, and hurried it into his pocket, tremulouſly obſerving--

"It is nothing of importance—it is from a friend of mine in town."

Radmill, who was ſtanding by his ſide, trembling with fear and diſappointment, enquired—

"May I not ſee it, Henry?—If it be a letter of no importance, why deny me a ſight of it?"

Henry, with eyes ſwimming in tears, looked him in the face, but ſaid nothing.

"Oh Henry!" ſaid Radmill, "have I deſerved this?—Has a father, and ſuch a father as I have been, no right to expect your confidence?—Cruel boy!—Mary-Jane and yourſelf will hurry me to the grave."

Henry groaned with agony as they again ſlowly entered the breakfaſt-room.

Plagiary, though he had not, as he promiſed, been with them on the preceding evening at the Theatre, ſoon after heard of the myſterious abſence of Mary-Jane, and had, with Radmill and Henry, been all night wandering in queſt of her; he now joined them, with Sir Watkin Beverly and his daughter Eliza.

Again were the foregone melancholy circumſtances recapitulated, while the poor Eliza, who imagined herſelf indirectly to

have been the cauſe of all their trouble, ſat abſorbed in grief.

Eliza, on her return from the Theatre, acquainted her ſiſter Eleanor of the ſtrange diſappearance of Mary-Jane; but that amiable lady betrayed no ſymptoms of ſorrow on the occaſion, but applauded herſelf for her diſcernment, in forming ſo juſt an opinion of Mary-Jane the firſt time ſhe ever ſaw her.

"I knew," ſhe added, "ſhe was no better than ſhe ſhould be; and I truſt it will be a warning to the dryſalter never again to adopt a beggar's brat, but make himſelf happy with that Providence has ſent him."

Eliza, diſguſted at her ſiſter's inhumanity, withdrew to her chamber, where, reſtleſs and unhappy, for ſleep had forſaken her eyelids, ſhe continued until morning, when Sir Watkin and herſelf, with Plagiary, whom they

they overtook in their walk, proceeded to Radmill's.

They had been at Radmill's but a few minutes when Northcote entered. He knew nothing of what had happened reſpecting Mary-Jane, and when Radmill informed him, he became greatly agitated; however, ſhortly getting the better of his emotions, he heſitated not to declare his ſuſpicion, that, as Barville left Brighton, to his knowledge, about the time Mary-Jane had abſconded from them, ſhe had taken the advantage of the confuſion at the Theatre, and eloped with him.

Henry, firing at this ſuggeſtion, anſwered him not in the moſt polite terms he could have uſed, and to convince him how unjuſt a concluſion he had formed, would have related to him the particulars of Mary-Jane's acquaintance with Barville, and the obligation they were under to him in reſcuing her from him; but Northcote gave him not the opportunity,

opportunity, for not altogether approving of what Henry had before uttered, he abruptly left the houſe.

Though none of them ſeemed to credit what Northcote had intimated, that Mary-Jane had voluntarily fled with Barville, yet had it ſuch an effect upon them, that they immediately determined to make enquiries at his lodgings whether he had, or not, left Brighton; and if he had, that a man and horſe ſhould be ſent expreſs to his houſe in town, and demand of him if he knew any thing relative to the unfortunate occurrence.

Sir Watkin and Eliza ſoon after departed, and Henry and Plagiary ſet out together for Barville's lodgings, which were in Artillery Place.

They had been gone better than two hours, and Radmill, to whom the time appeared the length of two years, grew impa-

tient at their long ſtay; they had left him at ten o'clock, and it was now paſt twelve.

"What can have detained them?" exclaimed Radmill to himſelf.

Two o'clock came, and he diſpatched a ſervant in queſt of them.—'Twas unkind—'twas unfeeling, knowing the perturbed ſtate of his mind, to keep him ſo long in ſuſpenſe. The ſervant ſoon came back again, but could gain no intelligence of either.—Four o'clock arrived, and ſtill they were abſent; four hours more painfully lingered away, when Plagiary, without Henry, entered the drawing-room.

"Where is Henry?" eagerly interrogated Radmill. "What has detained you ſo long?—Have you heard any news of Mary-Jane?"

"None," anſwered Plagiary; "and as for Henry, I left him ſoon after we learned, at Barville's lodgings, that he ſet off laſt night

night for town. And I imagined Henry, ſome hours ſince, had apprized you of it, and that you had ſent him after Barville in conſequence; as I ſaw him, about eleven o'clock, in a poſt-chaiſe, and with him a gentleman whom I knew not, going at a great rate on the London road."

Radmill gazed at him for ſome time in ſpeechleſs aſtoniſhment; the colour fled his cheeks, reſpiration was choked, he gaſped for breath.—Plagiary was terrified at the alteration he beheld in him, and would have rung the bell for aſſiſtance, as he conceived him to be ſuddenly attacked with ſome dangerous diſorder; he, however, ſeeing his intention, had juſt ſtrength enough left to prevent him, and at laſt articulated—

" Henry in a poſt-chaiſe—gone—fled—deſerted me in all my trouble!—this is too much.—Oh God! what new calamity am I deſtined to endure?—Thoſe letters—thoſe terrible letters!—Both gone at one ſweep—

" Oh

Oh Henry, Henry! I did not think you ſo inhuman.—Never, never ſhall I taſte of comfort more!"

Radmill, overcome, his ſtrength quite gone, ſunk upon a ſofa; and Plagiary, more alarmed, purſued his firſt deſign, rung the bell, and believing Radmill's ſenſes to be affected, diſpatched one of his ſervants for a phyſician, ſitting beſide him himſelf until the phyſician arrived.

CHAP.

CHAP. XVII.

Villany ſucceſsful.

BEFORE we proceed any further in deſcribing the ſufferings of Radmill, it is neceſſary to account for the ſingular manner in which Mary-Jane diſappeared, and what afterwards befel her; and give Northcote ſome little credit in pronouncing Barville to be acceſſary to her elopement, but not, as he falſely conjectured, with her own conſent and inclination: for to Mary-Jane, after the terrible account ſhe had heard of him, Barville had become an object to be feared and avoided; and had he been the reverſe, ſo totally had Henry gained her moſt affectionate

tionate regard, though almoſt unknown to herſelf, that it would have been impoſſible for him to make that impreſſion on her heart, Northcote ſo much apprehended he had.

Barville, from the firſt moment he beheld Mary-Jane at the Aſſembly, was ſtruck with the beauty of her perſon, her face, though he thought he had ſeen handſomer, but none more expreſſive; the roſe of innocence bloomed on her cheeks; her dark eyes, beaming pleaſure as ſhe gazed on the apparently happy group around her, gave an additional luſtre to the harmony of her features.—Barville beheld her for ſome time in ſilent admiration; then endeavoured to learn who ſhe was, but none of thoſe to whom he addreſſed himſelf, ever remembered to have ſeen her before; when Radmill and Henry leaving her to examine the other rooms, gave him an opportunity of obtaining that knowledge from herſelf, he had fruitleſſly attempted to procure from others.

Barville,

Barville, from the manner in which Mary-Jane had conſented to join with him in the dance, himſelf a ſtranger to her, was convinced that ſhe had been but little uſed to company; when bluſhing with modeſt diffidence as he addreſſed her, which, however, gradually diſperſing, was ſucceeded by that eaſy refined behaviour attendant on native worth and conſcious rectitude, which harbouring no guile, ſuſpects it not in others, evinced the angel purity of her heart.

If Mary-Jane had before created a ſpark of looſe deſire in his boſom, when he ſaw her, light as a ſylph, tread the flowery mazes of the dance, it kindled into a flame, and he ſecretly determined to accompliſh her ruin.

The dance over, he led her to a ſeat, where for ſome time their converſation had been uninterrupted, during which he poſſeſſed himſelf of her name and preſent abode; this being all he then wiſhed to know, he again

again ſolicited her hand, and they were a ſecond time about to join the dancers when Northcote, as before deſcribed, advanced and ſeparated them. Barville trembled at his appearance; Northcote, he feared, knew him but too well, and to irritate him by reproaching him for his rudeneſs, might hazard a diſcovery of his character, which he hoped, to Mary-Jane, as yet would not be revealed.

Barville, however, gnaſhing his teeth with rage, fear, envy, and diſappointment, ſilently witneſſed her departure. That Northcote ſhould be acquainted with her, ſtung him to the ſoul. But Mary-Jane was too lovely a victim entirely to be reſigned, and he vowed within himſelf, that though Northcote ſhould publiſh to his diſadvantage, every thing he knew of him, it ſhould not deter him from exerting every ſtratagem treachery could invent, to get Mary-Jane within his power.

Though

Though Mary-Jane ſaw no more of Barville on that evening, yet never for once did he loſe ſight of her: he ſaw her quit the rooms, and followed the carriage which conveyed her to the Marine-Parade; he ſaw her alight from it with Henry and Radmill, whom he concluded to be her father and brother; he then returned to his lodgings, and the next morning, in expectation of obtaining another ſight of Mary-Jane, paſſed her reſidence. In this he was gratified; he was at firſt inclined to ſtop and ſpeak to her, but on diſcovering Northcote with her, his heart again palpitated with fear and guilt, that he only bowed to her, and walked away.

On the following day, as croſſing the Steine, ſilently meditating on the moſt likely meaſures he ſhould adopt to poſſeſs himſelf of the perſon of Mary-Jane, the fair object, on whoſe deſtruction he was muſing, paſſed him, and alone. His heart bounded with joy as he haſtened toward her;—the particulars

culars of this rencounter have been given already.

Barville, from the haſty flight and ſubſequent behaviour of Mary-Jane, at firſt conceived her to be inſane; but ſoon ideas widely different informed him of the true cauſe which had ſo much diſordered her. Northcote, his evil genius that haunted him perpetually, he rightly conjectured, had prejudiced her againſt him; therefore, as he plainly perceived it would be impoſſible, having his ſage admonitions to ſurmount, ever fairly to obtain another interview with her, and if he could, he ſaw no advantageous purpoſe it would anſwer, as ſhe ſeemed ſo much prepoſſeſſed againſt him, he determined to watch her narrowly, and ſeize the firſt opportunity, ſhould any offer, of carrying her off; and when he leaſt expected it, was he enabled to put his diabolical deſign into execution.

For

For on the ſucceeding evening, being at the Theatre when the alarm of fire ſpread ſuch general conſternation, he, hurrying with the multitude from the houſe, beheld, much agitated, and ſeparated from her friends, the fair object that engroſſed his thoughts; when forcing a paſſage through the crowd, he made towards her, and taking her in his arms, ſafely bore her from the houſe. An idea at the moment ſtruck him that an opportunity now offered of forcing her from her friends; his carriage he knew was waiting for him but a ſhort diſtance from the Theatre, and as Mary-Jane had fainted through terror in his arms, ſhe was incapable of making any reſiſtance; and the concourſe of people in the ſtreet being too much occupied with the ſenſe of the danger they imagined they had eſcaped, that he, unnoticed by them, ſoon accompliſhed his purpoſe of conveying her to his carriage, and whiſpered his footman, who had before been acceſſary to his villanies, to give orders to the coachman to proceed immediately

for Cuckfield, and to take horſe himſelf, ſet off for the ſame place, and have a relay of horſes ready for him, as it was his intention, if poſſible, to reach London before daylight

Theſe orders were quickly obeyed, and a few moments after they were on the Cuckfield road.

They had proceeded ſeveral miles ere Mary-Jane began to recover from her ſwoon; and the dreadful ſenſations ſhe experienced, when ſhe found herſelf alone with Barville in a carriage at that hour, are eaſier conceived than deſcribed.

Barville tried all his art, in vain, to compoſe her ſpirits, and reconcile her to the event, making the moſt liberal offers (if the term liberal may be applied, when offered as the wages of iniquity), if ſhe would but conſent to forſake her father, and live with him.

Mary-

Mary-Jane ſhuddered at the horrid propoſal, ſhreiked, and endeavoured to force open the door of the carriage. Barville, finding his promiſes and perſuaſions of no avail, and fearing her cries might reach the ears of ſome travellers who poſſibly might be on the road, and bring them to her reſcue, rudely held his pocket-handkerchief cloſely preſſed to her lips.

Having by theſe means reduced her to ſilence, and finding, though trembling violently, ſhe had not a ſecond time fainted, he exclaimed—

" Miſs Radmill, mark what I am now about to utter:—If you proceed with me, without any further apparent diſinclination or averſion, I ſwear, by my ſalvation, no inſult ſhall be offered to you; and if, at the end of one week, you ſtill perſevere in refuſing the generous propoſals I have this night made to you, you ſhall be ſafely reſtored to your friends; until the expiration

of which time no power on earth ſhall tear you from me. But if, on the contrary, you perſiſt in your preſent endeavours to extricate yourſelf, all you can have to dread, ſpite of your feeble efforts, ſhall befal you; therefore chuſe for yourſelf, and you will find me reſolute enough to keep my word. Now then uſe your own diſcretion."

He releaſed her from the handkerchief, truſting what he had uttered would conquer her preſent reluctance, and induce her quietly to proceed with him the remainder of the journey.

The terrified Mary-Jane, finding herſelf ſo much at his mercy, conceived it moſt prudent, as well as ſhe was able, to diſſemble with him, and ſtrive to conceal her fears; hoping that an opportunity would offer, ere they proceeded many miles further, of eſcaping from him.

A few

A few minutes after, the trampling of horſes, as if ſome travellers were paſſing the carriage, met her ear; Mary-Jane, inſpired with the hope of being reſcued, in an inſtant let down the glaſs, and called loudly for aſſiſtance. They, however, heard her not, and Barville, drawing her rudely toward him, and finding the ſilence of the night again undiſturbed, fiercely exclaimed—

"Now, Miſs Radmill, have you decided your fate.—I told you my determination, and you ſhall find me a man of my word;" and he began to take ſome unwarrantable liberties with her perſon.

Mary-Jane, alarmed beyond deſcription, at laſt threw herſelf upon her knees, and articulated, ſobs almoſt preventing utterance—

"Oh mercy!—indeed, indeed I will offend no more;—renew but your former proteſ-

tations, and I will patiently wait for you to fulfil them."

"Well then," he moroſely anſwered, nowiſe ſoftened by her diſtreſs, "be prudent, and I will adhere to what I have before aſſerted."

They ſoon after entered Cuckfield; and Rowland, his honeſt ſervant, who it was that had paſſed them on the road, had freſh horſes in readineſs for them, and they, without alighting, again ſet forward towards London.

The ſame diſpatch and ſecrecy were obſerved at every ſtage until they reached Crawley. Here Rowland, by order of his maſter, had tea and coffee prepared for them, judging the agitated ſpirits of Mary-Jane would be more compoſed by a little reſt and refreſhment; however, before they had gained the houſe, he exclaimed, taking her by the hand—

"Now,

"Now, Miſs Radmill, I ſhall put your integrity to the teſt;—at Crawley we will alight—I have ordered tea and coffee, which I truſt you will not heſitate to partake of; but if you preſume to inform any perſons, who at this time may chance to be there, that I am forcing you away from your friends, from that moment I am abſolved from my promiſe.—I am too well ſupported to dread loſing you, therefore every ill conſequence attending ſuch an indiſcretion will attach to yourſelf."

Mary-Jane ſighed bitterly, but replied not, and they ſoon entered the inn.

When Rowland had arrived at it, its occupiers were retired to reſt; however he preſently rouſed a neat little dapper barmaid, who ſoon had things in order for their reception, and Rowland, learning where the head-oſtler ſlept, ſoon procured a relay of horſes.

Had Mary-Jane, after what Barville had ſaid to her, been inclined to implore protection of the inhabitants of the inn, ſhe could not have effected her purpoſe, as ſhe ſaw no perſon but the bar-maid; and to riſk further inſult by informing her of her ſituation, would have been the height of imprudence.

Barville, perceiving there was no danger of her eſcaping, left her, fearing his preſence at that time would rather augment the perturbation of her mind than aid its ſubſidency; and whiſpered ſecretly to the maid, that ſhe was his daughter, whom he had overtaken in her flight with a young rake, toward Gretna Green, and begged of her to uſe her utmoſt influence to prevail upon her to take ſome little refreſhment ere he again proceeded with her to town.

The girl, who believed every word he had ſaid to her, was now by no means ſurpriſed at the diſtreſſed appearance of Mary-Jane, who,

who, however, was too much overcome to be prevailed upon to take any thing, and to her reiterated requeſts could only reply with ſobs and tears;—this the poor girl thought natural enough, as ſhe had been ſo recently deprived of that ſhe ſeemed ſo anxious to have had—a huſband.

"Poor Radmill!" ſighed Mary-Jane, "how he will grieve!—and Henry too—Oh what will they think of my abſence?—Oh, great and merciful God! once more reſtore me to them—releaſe me from the inhuman demon who has torn me from them, or in death here let my ſorrows end!"

Barville now entering, and taking her by the hand, reconducted her to the carriage; and though much diſappointed that Mary-Jane had been ſo obſtinate in not partaking of what had been provided for her, he rewarded the bar-maid handſomely for the trouble he had given her, and they departed; and as the bluſh of morn diſpelled the

noxious vapours of night, he ſaw Mary-Jane ſafe at his reſidence in Pall-Mall.

Barville had frequently, while on the road, deliberated with himſelf as to the beſt place, and the leaſt liable to detection, he could convey her. He at firſt thought of an old ruin in Wales, which belonged to his family, and had for nearly a century, crumbling beneath the hand of Time, been uninhabitable, until ſhortly after his marriage with the citizen's daughter, he had had, unknown to his father, the ſouthern angle, the firmeſt part of the building that remained, put into good repair, and had frequently ſince that time reſided in it himſelf; until a circumſtance, which in the courſe of theſe pages will be mentioned, prevented him for the laſt eight months from entering its gloomy walls. He, however, had left it to the care of an old domeſtic and his wife, in caſe he ſhould be inclined to viſit it in future, which at that time he did not believe he ever ſhould, to keep it in proper order for his reception.

To

To this place he at firſt was inclined to convey Mary-Jane, but then the terrible cauſe which had induced him to wiſh not to return to it, recurred to his memory; beſides his houſe in London was ſo much nearer, and ſuſpicion might never light upon him reſpecting Mary-Jane, until ſhe ſanctioned his proceeding by conſenting to become his miſtreſs, which eventually he flattered himſelf ſhe would, and then he ſhould care as little for the menaces of her friends, as they would for his.

Barville had lately diſcarded the lady with whom he had laſt cohabited; and his ſervants, who he believed were all devoted to his intereſt, hourly expected he would procure another female to ſupply her place.—This was another ſtimulus which excited him, on reflection, and convinced him he ſhould there meet with no impediment in forwarding his views with Mary-Jane; and ſhould any unforeſeen events occur, he could but remove to the old caſtle after all: therefore

he altered his firſt intention, and gave orders to be driven to his houſe in Pall-Mall.

To Mary-Jane, on her arrival, Barville again renewed his former promiſe; and perceiving her pale, weary, and dejected, delivered her to the care of an elderly woman, who he informed her was the only perſon ſhe would ſee, himſelf excepted, until the expiration of the appointed time, unleſs ſhe agreed to his propoſal. He then left her; and Mabel, her attendant, conducted her to what ſhe told her was, with a ſmall room adjoining, her allotted apartments.

Mabel ſoon became loquacious in extolling the good qualities of her maſter; and likewiſe obſerved that he was dearly beloved by the ladies, and that ſhe would be the envy of them all as ſoon as it was made known that he had fixed his choice upon her; then wondered what could make her ſo unhappy and ſorrowful, when ſhe ought rather to be rejoicing at her good fortune.

Mary-

Mary-Jane plainly perceived that ſhould Barville not keep his word, to liberate her at the end of the week, ſhe had nothing to expect from Mabel in aiding her to eſcape; and being oppreſſed by her preſence, ſhe requeſted to be left alone.

Mabel then urged her to take coffee or tea, or, as ſhe ſeemed indiſpoſed, a little warm wine and water; this, however, Mary-Jane declined: but fearful of giving offence by too obſtinate a refuſal, obſerved, that a few hours' reſt might poſſibly create her an appetite, when ſhe would encroach upon her bounty.

Mabel then withdrew, taking the precaution to lock the door on the outſide; when Mary-Jane, ſeating herſelf upon the bed, indulged her grief in ſilence, then dropping on her knees, again invoked the protection of Heaven.

Mary-Jane, though haraſſed and fatigued almoſt to dying, now proceeded to examine

the place ſhe was in. It was a moſt ſuperb bed-chamber, furniſhed in a ſtyle of elegance which proved the opulence of its owner; one door only opened into it, ſave that which led into a beautiful little drawing-room adjoining, which was decorated in a ſimilar mode of ſplendour, and to which there was no entrance but by the room contiguous. The windows, which ſhe examined likewiſe, overlooked an extenſive garden and green plot, but were a frightful height from the ground, that to attempt her eſcape that way would be inevitable deſtruction.

Mary-Jane, having ſecured the door within ſide, as Mabel had done without, threw herſelf upon the bed, but not to ſleep; for, in her preſent diſtreſſed ſtate, to ſleep was impoſſible. Radmill and Henry were continually preſent to her imagination; to what they might impute her abſence, or what miſery might really befal her ere ſhe ſaw either of them again, heightened the increaſing horrors of her ſituation.

CHAP.

CHAP. XVIII.

Offers rejected, and a Journey to Wales.

MARY-JANE had continued by herſelf about eight hours, when the voice of Mabel rouſed her from the bed; ſhe tottered to the door, withdrew the bolts, and gave her admittance.

"Heyday!" exclaimed Mabel, as ſhe entered, "why I proteſt, Lady, you have profited little by my abſence;—why, you have not had your clothes off.—Oh! you wanted my maſter to keep you company, I warrant—well, well, all in good time!

Mary-

Mary-Jane, extremely ſhocked at this indelicate language, and from one of her own ſex, could no longer conceal her terror, but burſting into tears, and ſobbing as though her heart would break, threw herſelf at her feet, and in the bitterneſs of anguiſh, ejaculated—

"Oh ſave me, ſave me from his ſight—releaſe me from this terrible place—and indeed, indeed I have the means moſt liberally to reward you!"

"Terrible place, indeed," repeated the aſtoniſhed Mabel; "why the King's own palace can't be handſomer;—and as for rewarding of me—I would not be mean enough to act unfaithfully to my maſter; let me tell you, Lady, I ſcorn any ſuch dirty buſineſs; nor, with my good-will, ſhall you ſtep your foot out of this terrible place until you get his conſent for ſo doing.—However, to cut matters ſhort, as many words won't fill a meaſure, I'll go ſend my maſter to you, and acquaint

acquaint him likewiſe of the bribe you offered, to corrupt my honeſty."

Mary-Jane, exceſſively alarmed, as Mabel was actually on the point of leaving her to put her threat in force, held her faſt by the apron, exclaiming, or rather ſcreaming—

"Oh! in mercy do not ſend him to me, and I will do any thing you bid me!—Let me entreat you to compaſſionate my ſufferings.—Kill me, but ſave me from his ſight, and, as I die, my laſt breath ſhall breathe a benediction for your kindneſs."

Mabel's heart was ſoftened; ſhe took her by the hand, and gently raiſed her upon her feet, as ſhe uttered—

"Die!—kill you!—why there is nobody here would wiſh to hurt a hair upon your head; and my maſter, I know, dotes upon you, and if you behave kind to him, if you could eat gold, you might have it.—Why, there

there was young Madam Faithleſs, as handſome a body as ever the ſun ſhone on, who had theſe apartments laſt, almoſt broke her heart when my maſter told her he loved her no longer, and ſent her packing about her buſineſs;—why, ſhe would jump out of her ſkin to be as happy as you may be."

Mary-Jane, quite overcome, ſunk into a chair, and Mabel, fearing ſhe was fainting, haſtened to procure a ſmall bottle of hartſhorn, with which ſhe ſpeedily returned; and having damped her temples with it, and perceiving Mary-Jane ſomewhat revived, ſhe obſerved—

"Aye, now you ſee what it is to be obſtinate—this is the bleſſed effect of living without eating and drinking; had you not refuſed to take tea or coffee this morning, when I ſaw you were ſo jaded with your journey (for by the ſweat the poor horſes were in, I judged you had travelled a great way, and at a great rate), this would never have

have happened. However, keep yourſelf quiet, and I will get it for you now; for, as the ſaying is, better late than never."

Mabel then left her, made a fire in the drawing-room, and ſoon had the breakfaſt things in order; when Mary-Jane took a cup of coffee, and ate a ſmall piece of toaſt, though it was with much difficulty ſhe could ſwallow either.

Mabel, who had attended her during this melancholy repaſt, on finding ſhe could eat no more, adviſed her, as ſhe ſtill ſeemed faint and dejected, again to lie down on the bed.

"And as for faſtening your door," ſaid ſhe, as Mary-Jane was about to purſue her advice, "I can aſſure you there is no occaſion for it, for I ſhall always take care to lock it on the outſide myſelf, ſo that nobody can come to interrupt you without my knowledge, as I always carry the key in my pocket; how-

however, in that reſpect you may do as you pleaſe, as you may in every other, if you are not a ſimpleton."

"If," replied Mary-Jane, "I may do as I pleaſe, without offending you, I ſhall imagine myſelf much more ſecure if I bolt the door on the inſide likewiſe."

Theſe words were not loſt upon Mabel, who, by the laſt lady that had occupied the rooms, had ſeldom been ſpoken to in ſo mild a manner; for, as ſhe retired, ſhe exclaimed—

"Offend me, dear heart, no;—I only gave you my advice, but do as you pleaſe.—What a pity that ſuch a pretty, good-natured ſort of a body ſhould ſtand ſo much in her own light!—I wiſh I was as young and as handſome as you are; I aſſure you I ſhould behave quite differently.—But, there, ſome people don't know when they are well off."

Mary-Jane having faſtened the door after her,

her, and being alone, her thoughts again reverted to her friends.

"One week," ſhe exclaimed, "and that vile man has ſolemnly pledged his word I ſhall be reſtored to them.—Oh Henry, Henry! you know not the ſufferings of your Mary-Jane, or you'd fly to give her liberty.—The poor unfortunate orphan, whom the beſt and moſt humane of men ſnatched from an early grave, and foſtered as his own, whom, under his culturing hand, he ſaw, like the tender plant, nearly annihilated by the rude breath of Boreas, again revive, bloſſom forth its beauties, and own the genial rays of his beneficence; but which, ere it could ripen into perfection, the bleak northern blaſt deſtroyed. So, deareſt, beſt of men, ſhall the object of your benign ſolicitude and regard, when deprived of your fatherly ſupport and protection, wither and drop into the duſt, neglected, and perhaps deſpiſed by all;—for to what may not the fell tongue of ſlander attribute my abſence!"

In

In agonies indeſcribable ſhe threw herſelf upon the bed, from which ſhe hoped never again to riſe.

Barville, after having delivered Mary-Jane to the care of Mabel, waited impatiently to learn how ſhe ſeemed to approve of her apartments, truſting the brilliant and expenſive manner in which they were ſet forth, would evince to her the liberal offers he had made her, would ſhe but conſent to his wiſhes, he had ample means to fulfil, and induce her, with leſs reluctance than ſhe had hitherto diſplayed, to liſten to what further he might have to propoſe.

On Mabel's return, he was both hurt and ſurpriſed to learn that the diſplay of ſo much glitter and magnificence had been by her unnoticed, and that ſhe ſtill remained ill and agitated. He deſired Mabel to pay her every poſſible attention, telling her he ſhould not viſit Mary-Jane himſelf until the following

ing

ing day, when he truſted ſhe would be better in health and ſpirits to receive him.

In the afternoon, however, he again interrogated Mabel on the ſubject, who, as a faithful ſervant, related to him every thing that had paſſed, not forgetting Mary Jane's promiſing liberally to reward her, would ſhe but contrive to releaſe her from the terrible place in which ſhe was confined, as ſhe looked upon it in no other light than as a ſplendid priſon.

Barville, enraged that ſhe ſhould have endeavoured to corrupt his ſervant, was inclined at the inſtant to reproach her with it; Mabel, however, prevented him by informing him that the diſordered ſtate in which he had laſt ſeen her, ſhe had by no means recovered from, and induced him to defer his intention until the next day. He then made Mabel a handſome preſent for her fidelity, and reflecting that Mary-Jane's conduct would afford him an excuſe for breaking a promiſe

promiſe he never intended to keep, became pleaſed that ſuch an incident had occurred.

In the evening Mabel again ſaw Mary-Jane, whoſe pallid countenance evinced her to be more languid and depreſſed than ſhe had been in the morning. Mabel, however, notwithſtanding Mary-Jane affirmed ſhe had no appetite, inſiſted upon her endeavouring to eat ſome dinner, and afterwards obliged her to ſwallow a glaſs or two of wine; obſerving that if ſhe continued to follow her inſtructions, ſhe would ſoon be well.

Mary-Jane, in the evening, complaining of a violent pain in her head, Mabel adviſed her to undreſs herſelf, and again to retire to reſt.

"But mind," ſaid Mabel, "if I find, by your appearance in the morning, that you have not had your clothes off, I will deprive you of the privilege of ſecuring the door of your apartment."

This

This menace had the desired effect;—Mabel offered to assist her in undressing, which, however, Mary-Jane refused, and Mabel left her.

Having made all secure, she ventured, as Mabel's threat still dwelt upon her mind, to disrobe, and once more tried to forget her troubles, and court the influence of the leaden god.

Mary-Jane, from the wine Mabel had forced her to swallow, and from the extreme fatigue she had undergone, enjoyed a better night than, from the situation she was in, might have been expected; that when Mabel saw her in the morning, her looks bespoke her to be much better in health than she had before seen her.—Mabel gladly perceived the alteration, and exultingly exclaimed—

"Well, now you see what it is to be ruled by me—why, I vow you are not like

the ſame perſon ;—but come, now we'll have ſome breakfaſt, and then I think you'll be quite recovered.

Mabel ſoon had every thing prepared for her, and deſcended and informed her maſter of the viſible change in Mary-Jane ; this was glad tidings to him, and thanking Mabel for her care of her, and dropping a few more pieces of gold into her hand, he haſtened to make her a viſit himſelf.

Mary-Jane, though ſhe expected ſuch an event, could not conceal her fear and abhorrence of him as he entered ; and as he advanced towards her, ſhe dropped on her knees, and, in ſilent anguiſh, more expreſſive than words, betrayed her feelings, which in him, whoſe heart was hardened with guilt, excited not one pang of compaſſionating remorſe that he had been the occaſion of her miſery, but many of diſappointment and regret that ſhe ſtill continued ſo inexorable, ſo unchangeably reſolved not to liſten to his baſe

baſe offers. He, however, gently raiſed her upon her feet, and led her to a chair; then ſeating himſelf a ſhort diſtance from her, tenderly urged her to be compoſed.

"Why, Miſs Radmill," ſaid he, "will you ſtill perſevere in this inconſiderate weakneſs?—why ſo cauſeleſſly alarm yourſelf?—You know I have ſolemnly pledged my word to reſtore you to your friends at the concluſion of one ſhort week, unleſs I can prevail upon you to continue with me; and I flatter myſelf that, ere the week expires, you will more truly conſider your intereſt, and change the preſent unfavourable ſentiments you entertain of me, for thoſe of thankfulneſs and love."

"Never, never!" ſhe fervidly exclaimed; "each new day will but produce a renovated portion of diſeſteem, antipathy, and diſguſt;—never will I become that degenerate wretch thou wouldſt have me.—A week to be withheld from my friends—Oh it will be an age!—Oh what will they think of me!"

" Remain here, and you have nothing to fear;—every thing this world can beſtow to make you happy, ſhall be procured for you —give but your wiſhes words, and on the wings of ſpeed they ſhall be gratified."

" Oh! no more inſult me with ſuch abhorred diſcourſe; my blood chills with horror as I am obliged to liſten to it.—A time will come when thou ſhalt writhe with agony and remorſe for every premeditated fault thou haſt committed.—Turn then, ere it be too late, leſt an offended God ſhould not hereafter allow thee time for repentance, but, in his wrath, hurl thee into that profound abyſs where thy torments ſhall be eternal!"

Mary-Jane, as ſhe uttered theſe words, aroſe from her ſeat; ſhe ſpoke with an unuſual degree of energy, firmneſs, and feeling; the words iſſued from her lips as by divine inſpiration, and reached the ears of the aſtoniſhed and confounded Barville; who, awed by her manner, viewed her as an angel of

of light ſent from heaven to reproach him with his iniquities;—he ſhuddered as memory, in terrible array, brought his former atrocities before his eyes; but quickly overcoming theſe unpleaſant emotions, and aſhamed of his weakneſs that could for a moment yield to them, he again urged his purpoſe: but finding her ſtill more averſe to liſten to him, he ſoon after withdrew, and Mabel reſumed her ſtation.

Barville, notwithſtanding what had paſſed, imagined that Mary-Jane, rather than be kept a cloſe priſoner for any length of time, would eventually purchaſe her liberty at any price; at leaſt he was determined to try to ſubdue her fortitude, ere he proceeded to extremities.

Towards the cloſe of the ſame day, a perſon arrived at his houſe with a letter, which he told the footman who opened the door for him, that he muſt deliver into Mr. Barville's hands himſelf; the footman

apprized his maſter of it, and the ſtranger in conſequence was conducted into the parlour where Barville was ſitting alone; who, as ſoon as he ſaw the man, a deep bluſh overſpread his face, for he remembered to have ſeen him before at Brighton, and the livery he wore he knew to be Radmill's. He took the letter and, to conceal his embarraſſment, retired to the further part of the room to peruſe it; and, as he had conjectured, found it to be written by Radmill himſelf, ſtating the ſudden diſappearance of Mary-Jane, and that it had been intimated to him that he was acceſſary to her flight, and begged he would ſave his grey hairs from deſcending to the grave with ſorrow, and again reſtore her to him. In ſhort, the letter was altogether couched in terms that would have ſoftened any heart but one ſo completely depraved as Barville's, and have raiſed the tear of commiſeration to the eye; but in his it produced no ſuch effect—it merely proved to him that Mary-Jane could not remain in London with ſo little chance

of

of a diſcovery as he had at firſt apprehended. He, however, as an anſwer was required, called for pen, ink, and paper, and wrote the following words:—

"SIR,

"I am extremely ſurpriſed at the contents of the epiſtle I this day received from you, and, on the word of a gentleman, aſſure you that I was totally ignorant of every thing reſpecting Miſs Radmill until I had peruſed it. I ſincerely condole with you in the uneaſineſs ſuch an unpleaſant event muſt have occaſioned, but requeſt you will not heſitate inſtantly to inform me of the name of the perſon who has preſumed ſo unjuſtly to calumniate my character, that I may give him that chaſtiſement due to the diſſeminator of a falſehood.

"I am, &c. &c.

"FRANCIS BARVILLE."

Having given this to the ſervant, he departed, and Barville diſpatched Rowland to watch him until he had again quitted London. He then gave orders to have his travelling carriage in readineſs, as he was determined to ſet off with Mary-Jane, towards the old caſtle in Wales, the ſame night; there it would be impoſſible, he imagined, he ſhould ever be detected, as it not only was too remote to dread it, but very few people knew that it was inhabited.

He then rung the bell for Mabel, and bade her prepare Mary-Jane for the journey, and herſelf likewiſe, as he intended ſhe ſhould accompany them; but firſt to purchaſe all kind of wearing-apparel for Mary-Jane, who had left Brighton in too great a hurry to have provided any of thoſe neceſſaries for herſelf.

Mabel thus inſtructed, ere ſhe informed Mary-Jane of the alteration ſhe was about to experience, viſited ſeveral ſhops where ſhe knew

knew ſhe could ſuit herſelf with the articles ſhe had occaſion for, ready made; and, thought ſhe to herſelf, if they ſhould not quite fit the young lady, ſhe could remedy that fault herſelf: and her maſter, ſhe was certain, would pay her liberally for her trouble.

On Mabel's return, ſhe haſtened to Mary-Jane, and opened the buſineſs to her. Again did the poor girl deplore her unhappy fate; but well knowing it would be in vain for her to object complying, in ſilent ſorrow awaited the time to begin her journey, but to what place ſhe was going ſhe knew not.

Rowland, who had returned and informed his maſter that he had ſeen Radmill's ſervant ſafe out of town, had been ſome time diſpatched to procure relays of horſes on the road. When the carriage drove to the door, the luggage was ſoon ſecured to it, and two footmen, well armed, on horſeback, were

ordered to follow as guards, when Mabel was desired to conduct Mary-Jane to the coach.

The melancholy image of despair, she soon after descended the stairs, and was seated in the carriage, Mabel and Barville ascending it after her; and, ere it drove from the door, Barville addressed Mary-Jane as follows:—

"Now, Miss Radmill, the same conduct I required of you on a similar occasion, I am under the necessity of commanding that you at present observe: if you obey me, and pursue not what I have interdicted, at the conclusion of the week, the promise I have made to you I will fulfil; until then you must submit to be governed by me."

Mary-Jane replied but with a deep sigh, and they were soon after out of sight of London.

To

To enumerate the particulars of their journey would prove tedious and unintereſting, as nothing worthy of moment occurred; and towards the evening of the next day, having travelled with all poſſible expedition, and meeting with no obſtacles to retard their progreſs, the mouldering turrets of the old caſtle met their view.

Mary-Jane ſhuddered as ſhe fixed her eyes on the gloomy edifice; and half ſtupified by fear, as the carriage proceeded in a direction towards it, ſhe enquired if that was their deſtination.

"Even ſo," replied Barville; "but if you diſapprove it, you have but to accede to my former propoſals, and the horſes' heads ſhall inſtantly be turned towards London."

Mary-Jane ſaid no more, and ſoon after, pale, and almoſt inſenſible to what was paſſing about her, was led into the building.

Rowland

Rowland had been there ſome hours ere they arrived, and had much ſurpriſed old Dunſtan and his wife Martha, who had the care of it, as they little expected ſuch a viſit; he, however, ſoon informed them that his maſter, and part of the family, would quickly be there likewiſe, and aſſiſted them in kindling fires, and having every thing in the reſpective apartments ready for their reception.

Matters being comfortably arranged, Rowland began to interfogate Dunſtan how he approved of his ſituation.

"Oh main well," he replied, "though there has not been a living ſoul here, ſave Martha and myſelf, ſince you left us. I have a few friends that live about ſix miles off, that would now and then ſpend an hour or ſo with me, but they have got a ſtrange kind of a notion into their heads that the caſtle is haunted, and are afraid to come near it; and though I have often told them

it is no ſuch thing, they won't believe me. To be ſure the ſcreech-owl makes a diſmal noiſe, now and then, upon the rotten battlements of the uninhabited parts of it; but I never go there;—and though Martha and I were a little frightened at firſt, we are uſed to ſuch noiſes now, and don't mind them a ſtraw.

Rowland commended him for his reſolution, and ſat chatting with him and Martha until the ſmack of the poſtillions' whips informed them of their maſter's approach.

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genius, however that genius may want to be disciplined, and its ardour restrained. Superior talent sheds a lustre on the hand that protects it; and when, by the vigour of self-exertion under the frown of oppression, it is exhibited in all its commanding influence to the world, severe indeed must be the mental reproaches of those who laboured to prevent its expansion; who would have smothered up the hallowed flame in the mist of ignorance, and in exile from polished life; and have sacrificed those, who ought to have been cherished with affection and tenderness, at the shrine of sordid avarice, and selfish interest.

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